

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

MILK AND . . . DAIRIES BILL.

OWNERS of dairy cattle throughout the country will be keenly interested in the Bill which, after some considerable delay, has been introduced into the House of Commons by the President of the Local Government Board. It is a very intricate measure, but the report of the Medical Officers of Health issued last week in that of the Local Government Board would have made it imperative to do something even if there were no other reasons. Milk as an article of diet is more freely consumed now than at any former period, and the Medical Officers showed only too clearly that sufficient pains are not taken to ensure cleanliness in its production. Before saying anything about that, however, it is incumbent to touch upon the very important question of tuberculosis. Up to quite recently there was a conflict of opinion on the point as to whether tuberculosis in cows could or could not be transmitted to human beings. The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries have been convinced that there is this connection, and so certain are they that, before the Bill can be made into an Act, they have sent out a circular to local authorities in Great Britain under the Diseases of Animals Act, which deals with this subject. In the course of this letter Sir T. H. Elliott says, "As far as regards the possibility of the transmission of the disease from affected bovine animals to man, the Board are satisfied that it must now be accepted as a fact that tuberculosis is transmissible by the agency of milk used for human consumption." Further, he asserts that "the Local Government Board concur in this view." The accompanying order is framed on the principle that, "any action which results in the reduction of a number of tuberculous bovine animals in the country must reduce the risk of the spread of tuberculosis among the community, and if it were possible to eradicate from this country the disease in animals, a material step forward would have been taken in the campaign against the disease in man." This is strong and decided language, and it means a very great deal to the owners of dairy cattle. No one has yet been able to estimate the proportion of cattle that show symptoms of tuberculosis, and it is difficult at the present moment to form even a rough calculation of the amount of slaughter which would have to be done.

The Board state that their first endeavour will be to secure the destruction of every cow found to be suffering from

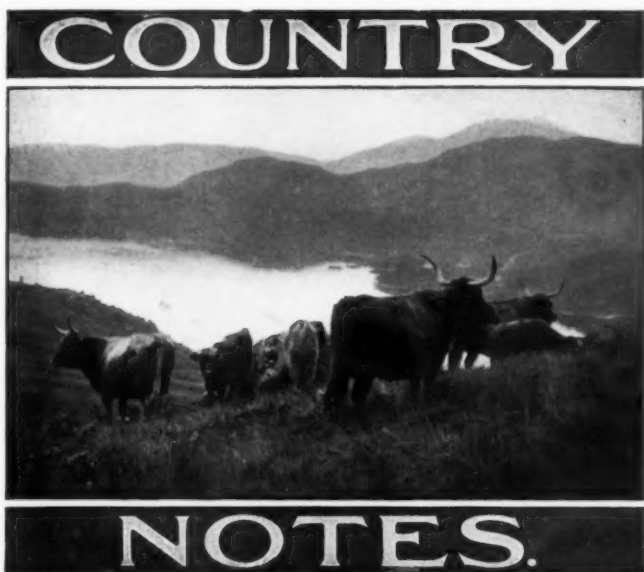
tuberculosis, since these are known to disseminate freely the germs of the disease. They go even further, and suggest that any cow which has been proved to give tuberculous milk should be treated in the same manner. The Tuberculosis Order is in accordance with these remarks. Owners of cows have to give notice, without avoidable delay, of any cow which appears to be suffering from indurated or any other chronic disease of the udder, and of any bovine animal which appears to be emaciated from tuberculosis. If the local authority have reason to suspect that in their district there is a cow suffering in this way, they are enjoined to send a veterinary inspector with all possible speed to examine it. The inspector is given the power, at all reasonable hours, to examine any bovine animal and require any cow to be milked in his presence, and may take samples of the milk. Should the local authority be satisfied that there is a cow suffering from the malady they will give notice to the owner, or person in charge of the animal, and cause it to be slaughtered. A practical question which arises is the value of this animal, and the compensation that will be paid. Should it exceed £30 the local authority are not to proceed with the slaughter unless they have obtained the consent of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. Before the slaughter takes place the local authority have either to agree with the owner as to the amount of compensation, or, if the two cannot agree, a valuer is to be called in to fix the price. A very important clause is the following: "The value shall be ascertained both on the basis of the certificate of examination hereinafter required showing that the animal was suffering from tuberculosis, and also on the basis of its not showing that the animal was suffering from tuberculosis, and the amount to be paid for compensation shall depend on such certificate accordingly."

The compensation clauses are not unjust. There will be a post-mortem examination of every animal killed, and if this does not show that it was suffering from tuberculosis the local authority will have to pay the owner the full price of the animal, and a sum of twenty shillings over and above. If the signs of tuberculosis are present the local authority will pay three-fourths of the value of the animal. If the disease be advanced the payment will only amount to one-fourth of the value of the animal. The assumption being, of course, that a farmer should have been able to notice the first appearance of the disease and ought to have notified it in time. This stringent order is meant only to act until the Milk and Dairies Bill is passed. It is difficult to say what chance there is of its being carried during the present Session of Parliament. Mr. Lloyd-George has provided abundant topics for discussion, and there is no doubt that every hour of Parliament will be fully occupied. Still, this question of the purity of milk is one that ought to be outside Party strife, and it ought to be possible for the Government and the Opposition to come to an understanding that would enable the Bill to be passed before the end of the Session. The main clauses in it are more fitted for settlement by technical experts than by popular discussion. The most important clauses are all directed to the abolition of the sale of tuberculous milk, but several other subjects of considerable importance are dealt with. For example, there are important regulations in regard to the importation of milk. Up to now we have had no guarantee whatever that milk brought to this country from abroad has been produced under hygienic surroundings, and it is not only advisable, but strictly necessary, that the Government should exercise the same vigilance in regard to milk brought from foreign countries that it is showing towards native products. The establishment, by local authorities in populous places, of depôts for the sale of milk particularly adapted for children is also a measure deserving of support. Infant mortality has been in a large degree traced to tuberculosis, the infection of which was carried through milk, and, if the alarming death-rate of very young children is to be reduced, it is evident that the problem of supplying wholesome milk will have to be tackled in earnest. The registration of dairies and dairymen with the central authorities of the district in which the business is carried on is a step not easy to criticise. Without such registration it would be very difficult indeed to put the Act into operation.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Myee Carrington. Lady Myee Carrington is a daughter of Earl Carrington, and her marriage to Viscount Bury, the eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle, is announced to take place on June 9th.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY

NOTES.

AFTER a long interregnum, the successor to Sir E. Ray Lankester at the British Museum of Natural History has been appointed, the choice of the trustees having fallen on Mr. Lazarus Fletcher, who, for many years, has filled the post of keeper of the Mineral Department at the Museum. This choice will meet with the criticism that the director of the Museum should of necessity be a biologist. This is, however, by no means necessary. Good administrative abilities are the principal qualifications for this post, since the keepers of the various departments of zoology and botany are really the only responsible officers for the purely biological side of the Museum work. It is enough that the director should be a man of high scientific attainment, and Mr. Fletcher as a mathematician has earned a European reputation, and more than fulfilled the splendid promise which marked his career at Oxford. A scholar of Balliol, he carried off all the honours that were attainable in the examination schools, and later became a Fellow of University College and Millard Lecturer at Trinity College. As may be supposed, he is a Fellow of the Royal Society and has served upon its council. He has also been president and vice-president of the Geological, Physical and Mineralogical Societies.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's complimentary letter to Mr. Bryce on the improvement that has been effected in Irish agriculture is one of the most interesting of the documents drawn up by him before leaving office. It is well known that Mr. Roosevelt has a very keen interest in rural affairs. One of the actions for which he was responsible was the appointment of a commission to enquire into the conditions of country life in America, and particularly into the means of staying that rural exodus which is as pronounced in the United States as it is in our own country. The object of his letter was to point out the effective manner in which the situation had been met in Ireland, chiefly by the advice and under the direction of Sir Horace Plunkett. The idea of co-operation was borrowed from Denmark, and it has led to an improvement of the most noticeable kind in the character of Irish agricultural exports and in the condition of the peasantry. Not so very long ago Irish butter was the least saleable in the market, and was always quoted at the lowest prices; to-day it ranks next to that of Brittany. This is an example of the improvement that has been effected in the work.

That this has been reflected in the increased prosperity of the Irish peasant may be proved to the hilt by a study of the returns of the savings banks and similar institutions in Ireland. As we showed the other day, these have increased far beyond anything of which we have had experience in this country. The peasant occupier, whether he be tenant or proprietor, is obviously able to lay by far more money than was the case before Sir Horace Plunkett and his able assistant, Mr. Anderson, assumed the direction of Irish agricultural policy. It is much to be regretted that adequate means were not taken to retain the services of one who has been of such great and voluntary service to the country. The country will also ask why the letter was not made public in an official manner, instead of being left to creep into publicity in this country after having been first printed in an American paper.

The present price of bacon is exceptionally high, but the top point has not yet been attained. Although prices are already about twenty shillings a cwt. higher than at this time last year,

when supplies were very large, it is not improbable that still higher quotations will have to be recorded, as the demand is in excess of requirements. Summer prices already obtain, and it is generally expected that by the end of July values will be about ten shillings a cwt. dearer. The main causes of the dearth of bacon are the serious falling off in shipments to this country from the United States and Canada and the high prices ruling for all feeding-stuffs. No return to lower rates for bacon is anticipated before the autumn, when the demand falls off, but meantime producers in the United Kingdom should be having a profitable time. For some years past there has been a steady shrinkage in imports from the United States, which has hitherto been our principal source of supply. If more attention were given to pig-raising in this country, it might be found remunerative at the higher prices now prevailing.

Some very interesting reports are to hand in regard to the efforts made by bee-keepers to deal with the disease which goes by the name of "Foul Brood." Bacteriological examination has shown that there are really two diseases, one the symptom of which is a very bad odour in the affected brood, the other of a much milder character. Ten or twelve years ago this disease was so rampant in Great Britain that efforts were made to promote legislation for the purpose of dealing with it. This fell through on account of a sudden change of Government, which deranged the plans that had been made. The importance of dealing with it arose from its contagious character. Bees are born robbers, and as soon as a stock is weakened by an attack of "Foul Brood" it is immediately subjected to the assaults of other bees, who, of course, carry away infection as well as honey. The various county societies have, however, made an energetic attempt to grapple with it, and we hear that in Cumberland, Essex, Glamorgan and Surrey especially the percentage of diseased stocks has been very much reduced, and if the present policy be pursued it may be possible to stamp out the malady altogether.

"AU REVOIR."

By a Wayfarer.

Good Luck to this Inn!
Grow its roses diviner!
I was feeling so thin—
Good Luck to this Inn!
It has lined me within,
Till I never felt finer!
Good Luck to this Inn!
Grow its roses diviner!

E. W. MORRISON.

Count Zeppelin, despite the misfortune with which his voyage ended, has demonstrated in a most remarkable manner the possibilities of the airship. Roughly speaking, he made a journey of 600 miles in 40 hr., that is, at an average rate of fifteen miles an hour, and he found it necessary only once to descend in order to take in water; but two circumstances show that for practical purposes navigation of the air is still in its infancy. When within seventy miles of Berlin Count Zeppelin had to give up the attempt to approach it, because he could not make headway against the adverse wind. This shows that the airship, in its present form, would not be available for work where reliance had to be placed on the objective being reached. The second point is, that the final disaster arose because the ship got out of control, and collision with a pear tree resulted in damage that would take a long time to repair. No doubt these drawbacks will disappear as the attention of engineers is brought to bear upon them, but they show that at present the navigation of the air, although it has made immense progress during the last few years, is still some distance from being a matter of everyday and public service.

Opinion is now being defined in regard to the Australian team which is visiting England. It has lost three matches in succession, and although considerable allowance ought to be made for bad luck in each of them, the team has not shown that power of recovery we were led to expect from the preliminary accounts which appeared previous to its arrival in England. It will readily be admitted by English players that the broken weather which preceded the first Test Match was very much against cricketers who are accustomed to the driest of wickets, and it is very possible that if we should have a dry summer they may do better in the next match. On the other hand, there has been nothing in their play to show that they possess very extraordinary talent either in batting or bowling. It is quite true that there are many famous and redoubtable batsmen among them; but England could at any moment put in the field a team which would be at least equal to them in that respect, and it is plain that we have the advantage in bowlers. Of course, this must always be so to some extent with the visiting team, because

the players who are at home have a much wider choice than the others and are able to pick bowlers to suit the type of weather prevailing at the moment.

As we write editors are arriving in London from every part of the King's dominions beyond the seas in order to take part in the great conference which is going to be held in this country. The first important function in connection with it will be on Saturday, when the Press of Great Britain will give a banquet in the Palace of Music at the Imperial Exhibition, Shepherd's Bush, at which the famous journalist Lord Burnham will take the chair and the speech of welcome to the guests will be delivered by Lord Rosebery. On June 7th the King and Queen will meet the delegates at a garden-party at Marlborough House, and after that a varied and most interesting programme of banquets, receptions, garden-parties, conferences and motor trips has been arranged for them. The visit to England should therefore prove to be as pleasant as it certainly will be instructive to them. A time is most probably approaching when it will be incumbent on all parts of the Empire to act together, and in these circumstances the voice of a country is found in its Press. It is most desirable that those who have come from the ends of the earth to meet their British contemporaries should go away with a fuller and better understanding of the Mother Country. That is the main object of the conference; but we have also a character for hospitality to maintain, and the programme to which allusion has been made shows that this part of the national duty has not been neglected.

The City clerk has for a long time been regarded as a very pathetic object. Most of us know him as he swarms up to London from the suburbs every morning. He is compelled to assume all the outward appearances of gentility, and in many offices it used to be compulsory that he should wear a tall hat and black coat, though we are glad to think that this regulation has, in many instances, been relaxed; but still a large number of clerks have to keep up appearances on an extremely small salary, and one cannot be surprised that, like nearly all other classes of the community, they have been induced to form themselves into a national union with the object of improving their condition. The first object at which they aim is the abolition of the "pound a-week" clerk, and, indeed, it is fairly obvious that even in the cheapest suburb a man cannot find decent subsistence after paying such necessities as rent, his season ticket, and the cost of a modest midday meal, out of twenty shillings a week. As long as the clerks confine their operations within a legitimate sphere, they will command general sympathy in their efforts at bettering themselves.

Of the romantic histories of pictures, few are more striking than that which is connected with the newly-discovered Gainsborough. It is a portrait of Mr. John Eld of Seighford Hall, near Stafford, who was one of the founders of the Stafford General Infirmary in 1766. When he left the district, about 1783, he was such an active supporter of the hospital that, in recognition of his services to the institution, it was decided to have his portrait painted. He is, indeed, described in the records as its "father and founder." The picture was duly produced and presented to the hospital with the legend beneath, "By command and at the expense of the subscribers." Not very long ago photographs were taken of the picture and enquiries began to be made about it. The opinion of the director of the National Gallery was sought, and he held that it must have been painted by Gainsborough. Subsequently, Lord Lichfield appealed to Sir Walter Armstrong, the director of the Dublin National Portrait Gallery, who, after a personal examination, expressed the opinion that it was "a very fine Gainsborough painting." The committee of the hospital, acting on this, at once insured it for £4,000 and sent it to London to undergo renovation. It will be a matter for further consideration what to do with it. Unfortunately, benevolent institutions are nearly always in need of funds, and yet a picture given under the circumstances we have described is not to be parted with save in very urgent circumstances indeed.

An admirable means, as it appears to us, of stimulating the interest in their Nature-studies of children in elementary schools, is suggested to us by a correspondent who states that he has himself made trial of it with great success. The method is to select an essay or article out of a magazine, or chapter of a book, dealing with any one class or family of wild flowers, and offer a small money prize (the figure need not be a big one to tempt the children in these schools) for the best collection of the plants—set dry on sheets of paper—mentioned in the said article or chapter. The sheets should give the English and Latin names of the plants and any peculiar properties belonging to them.

Leaf, stem, flower and fruit should all be exhibited when possible. In the particular instance quoted by our correspondent the prizes were given for the best collection illustrating a paper on plants noxious to cattle, but any group may be selected, on any principle of choice.

Pied varieties of the black-cock are sufficiently rare to be worth recording whenever met with. Accordingly, the readers of these pages may be interested to know that a fine example has just been presented to the British Museum of Natural History by Mr. G. Ashley Dodd. In general appearance the bird looks as if covered with crescent-shaped bars of white, distributed with remarkable regularity. These markings, a closer examination shows, are caused by white tips to the normally coloured feathers. On the head and neck, however, these markings have rather the appearance of white flecks, and are less regularly disposed. The quills of the wings and tail are perfectly normal. This bird was shot in Wigtownshire. Mr. J. G. Millais, it may be remarked, in his delightful "Game-birds and Shooting Sketches," mentions two apparently similar birds shot in December, 1890, in Lanarkshire by Mr. J. Allan of Glasgow.

General Sir Ian Hamilton's farewell order to his troops is a very characteristic document. After briefly summarising the work that has been done during the past years, the finish comes in these words: "He salutes his fellow-workers for the last time, and wishes the best he can wish them—stirring times and rapid advancement." It is a soldier's message, and couched in the very spirit that should animate our military men. But the sober citizen does not regard the advent of stirring times with the same complacency; they would mean such a disturbance of trade and comfort generally as has not been felt by the present generation. All the same, our thanks are due to General Sir Ian Hamilton for the excellent work he has done. To have fought against "unreal tactics" and to have encouraged artillery to perfect themselves in the use of concealed positions—in a word, to prepare the Army and make it efficient for war was a great task, and General Sir Ian Hamilton has performed it as well as any man living could have done.

BRIGHTON BEACH.

(Whit-Monday, 1909.)

Chocolates and brandy balls and butterscotch,
"Tit-Bits," "The Mother's Friend" and "Woman's Life,"
Sixpenny photographs, a silver watch,
A "little wonder" of a pocket-knife;—
All these for sale: the sunshine, given free,
Beats down upon the beach and on the sea
Where ma and brats—fat legs and little feet—
Paddle and laugh and redden in the heat.
All through the happy day they call and shout,
Shriek with delight and giggle and "hooray";
And two alone look gloomy and put out,
Causing a lady to her pal to say:
"OO's that young man wot give 'is girl a shove?"
"O them poor sulky devils, they're in love!"

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

The month of May deserves a special record for itself. It has proved to be not only the sunniest month of the year, but the sunniest of which any chronology has been kept. It produced five beautiful Sundays in succession, and therefore must be regarded with feelings of gratitude by the "week-ender." Its close brought with it the most glorious Whitsuntide holiday of which the oldest can have any recollection. The weather was more like that of July or August than that of May, and we see from the reports drawn up at the various seaside resorts that every watering-place recorded at least an average, and in many cases far above the average, of sunshine. People who crowded to the railway carriages, therefore, on the way to some rural locality in which to enjoy their Bank Holiday had reason to be pleased. It is true that when May is verging into June the bright flowers of spring have begun to fade and the dark green of summer is spreading over the landscape, but the hawthorn was out in great masses and gorse was shining like gold on the commons. The holiday, like Minoru's Derby, is a thing to be remembered.

It must have happened to a great many Englishmen, in course of migration to and from the Highlands and other parts of Scotland, to find themselves stranded in Edinburgh by the respect which the Scot pays to the Sabbath and the lack of a Sunday train service, and to be somewhat at a loss to know how to pass the time in that beautiful town. All to whom this event is likely to happen will be glad to hear that it has been resolved

by the First Commissioner of Works, with the King's gracious approval, that the Palace of Holyrood shall be open on Sundays, in the summer—that is to say, from April 1st to September 30th inclusive—for inspection by visitors from two to five in the afternoon, and in the other months of the year from 1.30 to 3.30. On Fridays the Palace is at no time open, for on that day it goes through its weekly cleaning. This new regulation comes into force from June 13th of this year.

The address delivered by Mr. Ivor Guest, who was chairman of the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion and Afforestation, was an interesting one, if only for the statement of the comparative afforested areas of this country and some on the Continent. No doubt it is a matter in which we ought all to be

informed, but no doubt, too, many of us fall a little short of our duty in this as in other respects. In England only 4 per cent. of the total area of the country is under woodland. In Sweden the proportion is no less than 51 per cent. of the whole. In Germany it is 25 per cent., and in France 17 per cent. The very small relative proportion in our own country is remarkable, and though in some sort it is, of course, to be taken as evidence that the land is more profitably used, it is not to be gainsaid, on the other hand, that there is much waste land at present in England which might probably be put to profit in woodland. But in the inference which Mr. Guest drew, from the profit made in German forests to the possible profit to be made over here, we fear that he forgot to give due weight to the comparative cheapness of German labour and its, perhaps, greater efficiency.

CLOUDS AND MOUNTAINS.

[We were so much impressed with the exceptional beauty of the cloud photographs, or, rather, the photographs taken above the clouds, in the Photographic Exhibition of the Alpine Club that we asked our contributor, Mr. Algernon Blackwood, whom we knew to be in Switzerland at the time, for an article on these extraordinary effects in Nature, and he very kindly responded by sending the following paper.—ED.]

THERE are natures of the mystical, contemplative order who seek instinctively to correlate their scenery with some mood or aspiration of their inner life—who are not satisfied till they have linked it on somewhere intelligibly with their deepest being. Before a given landscape, that is, they find the explanation of their emotion by translating the colour, distance, conformation and so forth into definite spiritual sensations; passing thus, without too great confusion, from the finite to the infinite. Until this is successfully accomplished there is a sense of disquietude, almost of pain; the loveliness blinds. But, once that inner key is found, the result is peace; the beauty becomes comprehensible with a personal message as it were. They dramatise the View in the terms of soul: doors open; veils lift; there come—wings.

The kind of scenery that best does this varies, of course, with individual temperament. For some, the changing sea; for others, the monotony of great plains, or the mystery of forests; for others, again—the majority, perhaps—the grandeur and terror of mountains. But to all who understand this process of the mind the world appears as the expression of something spiritual and alive, and common objects become a source of very vivid revelation. Such persons endow "common objects" with something of their own life; nothing seems quite the same once their transforming imagination has looked upon it. The things they see, as Lotze puts it, "float off visions," imperceptible to most; "even the dead weights and supports of buildings become changed into so many limbs of a living body, whose inner tensions pass over into themselves." The essence of which intuition Blake has still better expressed: "The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing standing in the way."



L. J. Steele

STORM ON THE MATTERHORN.

Copyright



H. Priestman.

SUNLIT CLOUDS: FROM THE OLD WEISSTHOR.

Copyright

To me, personally, however, it always seems that the kind of scenery which, more than any other, admits of this transformation, of this spiritual alchemy, is the scenery of cloud and sky. There is that about it which suffers the change without violence. It belongs, really, to the same category as the vast scenery of dreams—to that which is phantasmal, protean, infinitely fine; capable of interpreting the gentlest moods of the soul, as well as her great terrors. Cloud-scenery, especially when sketched against big mountains, has the two qualities of expressing immense power and exceeding delicacy: power, by means of sheer size, depth and grandeur of form; delicacy, by the silken tracery of the torn edges that float away into the viewless air. Cloud-scenery touches all notes in the scale, runs through the entire gamut of the soul's emotions. The mind wanders delightfully beyond the confines of sense into the region of unrealities; but the solid background of the mountains brings it back again, and supplies the substantial foundation from which such dreams may be indulged without foolishness. Phantasy, thus rooted in reality, is surely an exercise of the imagination that produces useful, not harmful, results.

To be "in the clouds" among the mountains is an experience of value, but to be among the mountains, and *above the clouds*, comes to many as almost an entirely new revelation. The whole strange world of dreams slides across the frontier into waking life. The result is a kind of exquisite bewilderment.

The immensity of cloud-scenery has already been noticed. Let the eye on a June day travel up and down the blue lanes of sky between the masses; and with the eye send also the imagination. The gradual comprehension of the piled and heaped-up vapours holds in the end something that appals. There is a touch of genuine awe in the impression produced by

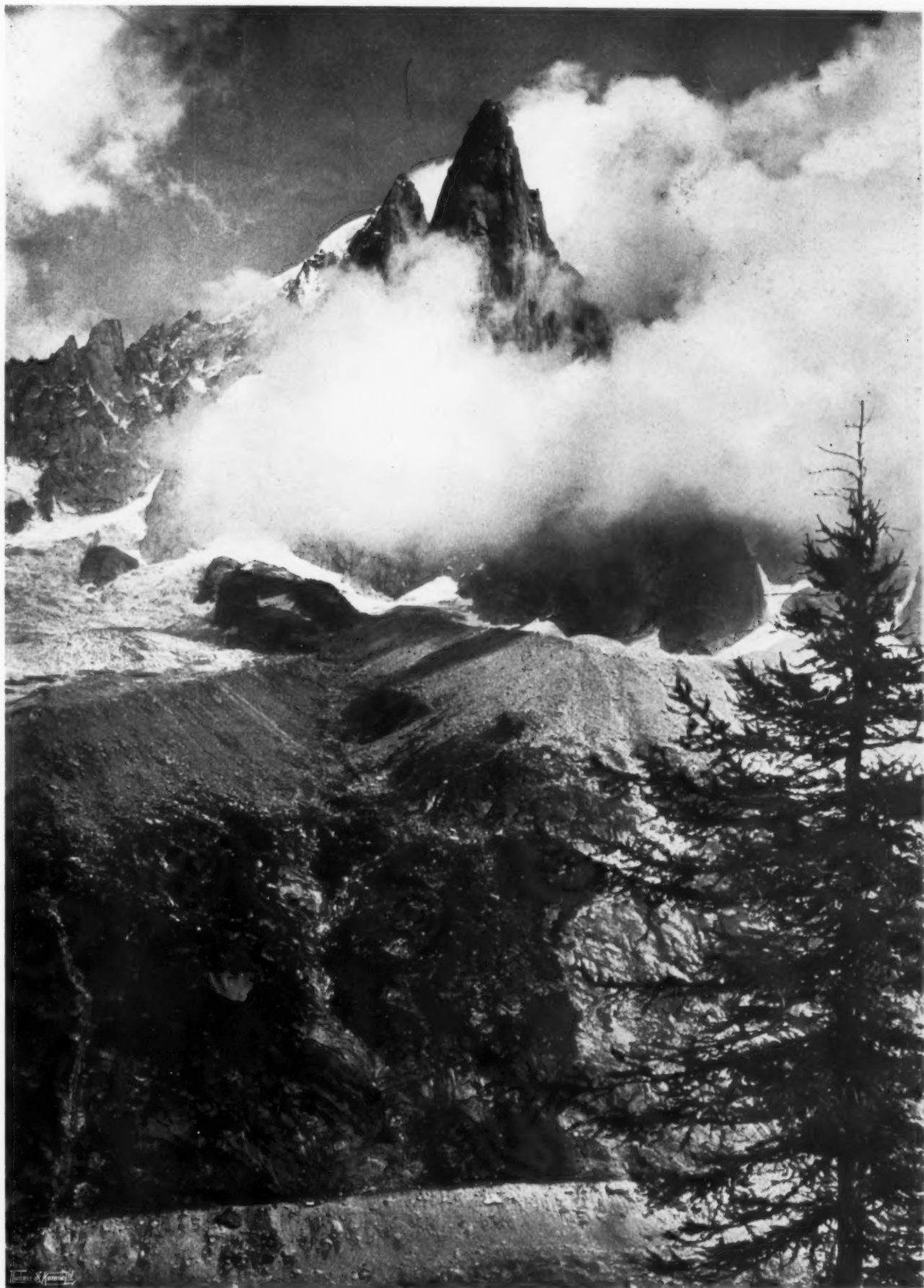
those slow-moving chains of Mist Mountains, strewn through half the circle of the sky, shedding islands and promontories as they go, furrowed, cleft and peaked, their towered bulk for ever changing. The imagination comes back tired and panting; "lost, dizzy, shelterless," as Shelley puts it, or thinking, perhaps, of the line in the Hebrew poem: "Knowest thou the balancing of the clouds?" Yet this is only to see them from below. To see them from above (as in our illustrations) slashed and pierced by the ribs and shoulders of the mountains beyond, seething in



J. Osborne Walker.

THE OSTSPITZE FROM THE DUFOURS PITZE, MONTE ROSA.

Copyright.



F. N. Ellis.

THE AIGUILLE DU DRU FROM MONTAUVERT.

Copyright.

an ocean whose waves are silent and whose foam no wind can scatter, is to know an aspect of Nature in which the chief ingredient, as it seems to me, is sheer bewilderment. From some high peak to look down upon the world, silent, still, wrapped in this garment of unwoven mist, all hushed beneath thick curtains of vapour which presently the wind shall tear aside to show green valley and the houses of men, is to surprise Nature, as it were, in the most secret chambers of her loveliness.



W. Weston.

Copyright.

THE JUNGFAU, FROM THE OBER STEINBERG.

And it is thus bewildering, I suppose, chiefly because there is nothing except the piece of solid rock on which the feet rest to recall the world of known values.

Even in the lower mountains the effect is one of singular charm, and from the summits of the Jura, for instance, especially in the winter months, it may frequently be witnessed with striking success. From the rocky ledges of La Tourne, which rises only some 5,000ft. above the sea (where the Paris railway runs between Pontarlier and Neuchâtel), it is no uncommon thing in December or January to stand with the mist level to one's feet, and the entire surface of the lower world blotted out beneath a sea of cloud that has no single break. Overhead the sky is speckless; below it, uniform as a giant counterpane, spreads in every direction the surface of this continent of cloud. The towns and villages that cluster along the Lake of Neuchâtel lie obliterated, the forests hidden, bells muffled; the roar of trains and waterfalls curiously hushed; and nothing visible but this sea of motionless vapour, ribbed like sand, or slightly waved, perhaps, like the ocean, stretching over lake and land as far as the skirts of the high Alps, a hundred kilomètres away. Here and there one sees the tips of Jura peaks—Boudry, Chasseral, Tête de Rang—clustered with ragged pines, like islands floating on the surface of a dream-sea in dazzling sunshine. But, with the exception of these, and of the great buzzards that occasionally plunge up out of the soft foamy mist into momentary sunlight, to disappear a few seconds later below the surface, there is nothing to remind one of the known world that lies hidden below the thick fleece that looks soft as cotton-wool, and of incredible depth. There is nothing to rest the eye on till it finds the distant snowfields of the chain of high Alps, stretching from Säntis to Mont Blanc; and even these look so dreamlike that one thinks of them almost as huge sails waiting a wind that shall blow them below the rim of the great silent sea.

In the high Alps, however, the scene is of another kind. The wind currents that for ever suck through the deep valleys marshal the details with even more bewildering effects; the black depths, suddenly revealed and as suddenly closed again, the awful chasms, opened and shut so swiftly, throw the imagination into a state of disorder that adds enormously to the confusing grandeur of the spectacle. Only a few days ago, while climbing across the middle slopes of the Blümlisalp, I was fortunate enough to see the pageant in all its splendour. The

hot spring sunshine joined forces with the snow-cooled air to produce a vast chaos of cloudland. Far below, the huge trough of the Oschinen See was filled with seething vapour, that rose and fell as the winds directed it, allowing occasional glimpses into the green glacier water through profound tunnels of mist, yet, as a whole, climbing gradually upwards to where we stood. Overhead, the summits rose clear in a sky of summer blue, with the single exception of the great Doldenhorn, where an immense cloud, forever shifting, and shedding whole precipices on its way, moved off laboriously till it was caught by the air-draughts from the Gastern Thal, and mysteriously spirited out of sight altogether.

But, meanwhile, the sea of vapour at our feet had risen till it spread in a single plain of white that somehow made one think of Shelley's "platforms of the wind" become visible. This sea was without a break. Apparently, too, it was motionless; yet, on looking closer through field-glasses, it showed itself really alive with movement: the rising and falling of waves, rifts with fringed and jagged edges shooting in all directions, though never high enough to destroy the general effect of calm surface. There were swift draughts and whirlwinds astir through the entire mass. It was the glasses, of course, that betrayed the colossal scale of the thing. One thought somehow of a time of chaos when the earth was without form and void and darkness filled the face of the deep. It all weighed so little yet had so vastly ponderous an air. The sun blazed down upon it. Here, surely, were the sudas that formed the raw material of the worlds suddenly arrested in mid-boiling—frozen. Yet where we stood no wind reached us. Behind and about us rose the great still summits of the Blümlisalp and the Doldenhorn, with black pyramids of rock pushing their giant heads beyond all reach of turmoil. And it was while we stood there, forcing the imagination to reduce the wonder and beauty of it all to some comprehensible scale, that a further detail, not properly in the picture, came to add to the grandeur of the scene. Far below us, from some steep slope hidden beneath the sea of mist, there rose a curious long-drawn sound that at first suggested nothing we could recognise. It was only a few minutes later when the thunder followed that we realised



C. Hastings.

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WESTERN PEAK OF JOCKKEVARRE.

an avalanche had plunged into the gulf. First we heard the hissing of the sheet of sliding snow—that awful hissing that more than anything else strikes terror to the heart of the climber. It rose up to us through the mist as the sound of an explosion might rise through the depths of the sea. Then, as the mass fell from ledge to ledge and finally dropped over the last dizzy cliff into the Oschinen See, we heard the thundering roar that echoed below, behind and overhead, and later felt the icy wind that followed the displacement of the air. Yet no signs were otherwise visible. The surface of the mist-sea remained

untroubled. Nothing stirred; only the mighty sounds and the message of the loosed wind. And, far overhead, the iron battlements of rock stood serene and terrible, their foundations rising out of the vast platform of vapour that wrapped them about like an ocean, their summits of shining ice inhabited by the flames of the sunshine.

Yet, several hours later, when we watched the same mountains from the safety of the comfortable Gemmi Hotel and listened to the warnings of Herr Dettlebach, the proprietor, about spring avalanches, it all seemed somehow unreal—the scenery all incredible and phantasmal as with the colouring of a splendid dream. The clouds had risen; like fragments of flying fire they floated far overhead now in the sunset. It became impossible to see again that ocean of mist. What we had seen was no scenery of the known world. It belonged, surely, to the scenery of such dreams as carry the imagination into the Beyond—into infinite distances above the clouds.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

THE COMING OF THE SUMMER IN CIRCASSIA.

ANYTHING more wonderful than the change from winter to summer on the Caucasian mountain slopes could not easily be imagined. In April here the plains were deep in snow, and in May, when English woods were leafing, that snow had only just disappeared and every tree and shrub looked stark and bare. Only by an occasional sawlow in bloom one knew that the winter was over. The snowdrops and bluebells sprang up in winter's traces, and then before May ended the whole spring verdure danced out and clothed valley and slope up even to the very summits of some low hills. The English spring was months ahead, but dawdled on among the cold winds; this hot summer overtook it at a bound and rushed on to its later glories, to the blossoming and fruiting of vine and pomegranate. Of the wonderful things that happened in May one can scarcely write calmly.

The fairies did not linger—they came trippingly, they waved their wands, they ran. The spells of green and gold were wrought and charm moved over the land. The cowslips appeared, budded, blossomed, faded—in one short week. Instantly the dainty lilies of the valley came and took their place, and for three days glistened among grasses and ferns upon the rocks, and slender graceful Solomon's seals stooped lovingly toward their sister lilies. Then hillsides suddenly blazed yellow with the blossom of a strange Eastern shrub. Honeysuckle bloom came nestling in sunny corners among the rocks; then tall, sweet-scented bog-bean, all the orchises, wild rose, wild strawberry and raspberry, the wild vine, wild walnut, peach and pear and plum. In the grassy places, just dry after the last-melted snow, out came the lizards so that the plain literally squirmed with them, cunning, vicious little lizards basking in the sun, small and brown in May, but fat and green and speckled later, hissing at one another like snakes, and fond of gnawing away one another's tails.

In the May sun the adder shot off from his damp sunbath as one crushed through the scrub. The trees burst into leaf first in the valleys, and then on the hills. Each day one watched the climbing green, and saw the fearful dark brow of a mountain soften away and pass from deep, impenetrable black to soft, laughing green. Snowy peaks lost their glory of white, and one knew them to be but little grey Grampians beside the huge mountains of Elbruz. The road mud hardened and the Persian stonebreakers were busy smashing their little heaps of boulders. In a week they had gone, and the piles of rocks had become neat little heaps of flints.

Then came terrific storms—a thunderburst each week, and the rivers rose in their shingle beds and flooded off towards the Caspian and the Euxine, carrying all manner of *débris* of uprooted shrub and blasted rock. One soon saw the uses of the flints; they solidified the road. But, indeed, one day's sun sufficed to dry up a night's flood. The wild winds soon blew up the sirocco—such dust-storms that the whole landscape was for hours lost to the eyes. What of that—that was a day's unpleasantness, to be covered by ample compensations.

The sun was strengthening and its magic was awakening newer richer colours than the English eye can care for, was working in strange new ways upon the soul mysteries and body mysteries of men and women. One knew one's self in the South, in the land of knives and songs. Every man seemed on horseback. The black Cossacks, guns slung on their backs, came kneeling in their saddles, careering along the military roads; Georgian chiefs and Circassians came flashing in crimson cartridge tunics, long cloaks clasped at the waist by handsome belts of filigree gold. Wild sheiks sprang down from the hills, appalling the lesser traffickers of the road—pilgrim, merchantman, tramp—by their

show of arms and bizarre effrontery. The strange hill shepherds, looking like antique Old Testament characters, came marching before and behind their multitudinous flocks with their four wolfish sheepdogs in attendance and their camping-waggons behind; from the mountain fastnesses they came, their faces one great flush of shiny red, their eyes bathed in perspiration, blazing with light, their lank hair glistening.

One pauses with peculiar feeling in recalling the pictures of these flocks; one sees constantly before the eyes the lively mountain lambs, the queer Caucasian ewes, so strangely cut for the convenience of the Astrakhan and Russian lamb fur trade necessities. One sees amid the whirl of dust on the road the under-shepherds with long poles and whips keeping the marching order, and in one's ears still echoes the everlasting calling of ewe and lamb. The flocks are marched to the market towns, and big deals are made in hundreds and thousands of sheep.

There is plenty of money going in the towns, plenty of wine and all goods things for the up-country man when he cares to come in. With relief the house-heating is given up in April, life becomes lighter, winter things are put away, windows are taken out, the summer winds begin to blow through all dwellings. The white-clad townsman takes his ice at his ease in the fresh air on the boulevards. The full fat peasant eats as much as he can of pink and white and yellow for two copecks, and standing beside the ice-cream barrel, smacking his lips, testifies his appreciation by voluble remarks to passers-by. The Persian gunsmith sits in his open booth and inlays precious daggers, setting the handles with little firmaments of stars. In glass cases beside his shop Caucasian belts and scimitars spangle in the sun.

There are streets of these workers, where one might fairly feel that the sun was being robbed of his rays. One is charmed everywhere, and passes from bazaar to bazaar as from garden to garden at the court of a summer queen. One is in a land of the "Arabian Nights," from which nightmare and opium have been taken away. There is a gentleness, an ease and harmony here that is not to be easily found elsewhere. Something typical of this, and wonderful in its way, is the march of Russian regiments, the easy, swinging march—not quick, no, rather slow even, but pleasant and easy, as for long distances. It is pleasant to regard a detachment of these marching so, their leader singing a solo of a national hymn, the rest taking up the chorus; pleasant also to listen to the singing of the workmen operating with the hand-crane at the river-side. There is a general happiness and content, too, felt as much among men as among animals. The sun bids love and life come from turf and rock and tree and man; and from man none the less than from the rest there comes an answer unspoilt by self-sight and introspection. In scarlet and purple and blue comes that answer—one may see all the truth as one looks at the dark Georgian maidens trooping along a vineyard in May. To these this sun gives promise of a wine harvest.

ROSES AND LILIES.

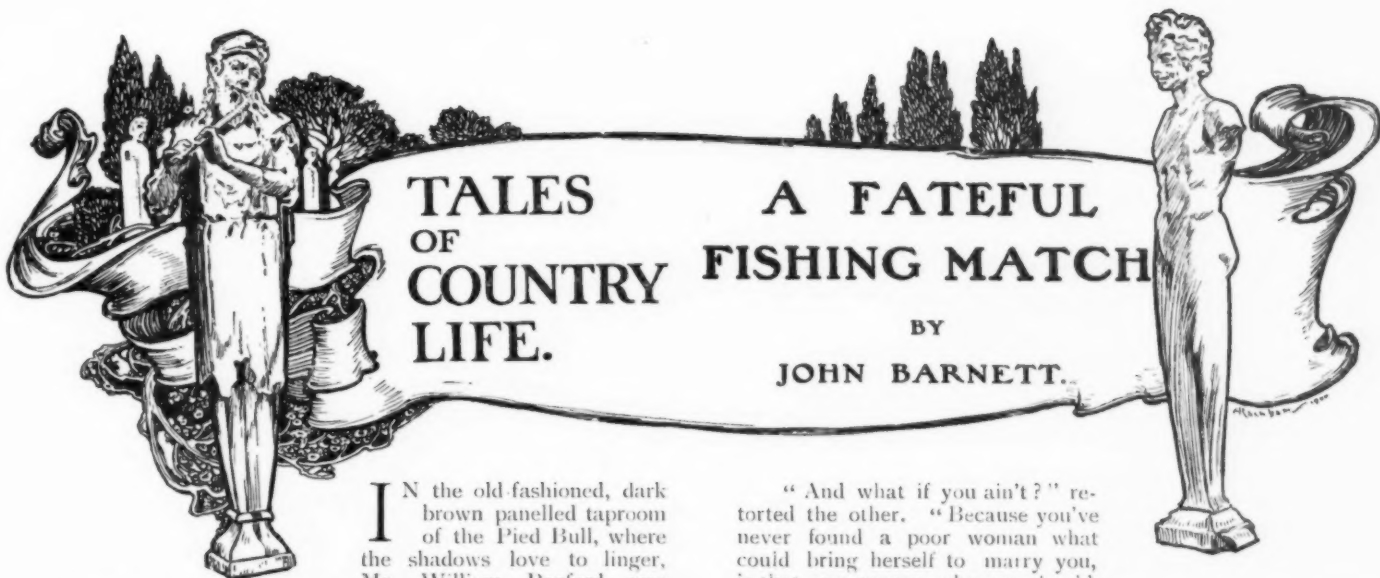
I bought my Love some cherries red.
At them she looked surprised, and said—
"Are cherries in their season now?"
Said artful I, with a grave brow—
"Cherries, my Love, are never out";
And while she looked with eyes of doubt,
Upon her lips I laid my proof.
As to confess that sweetest truth,
Two Roses came, one in each cheek,
And knowing this, she dared not speak.
Dear are those Roses to my eyes:
I see those sweet ones fall and rise
In playful fight with Lilies—this
Annoys my Love, but makes my bliss.
Sometimes she turns her face in shame,
Or drops her head, to hide their game.
To keep my eyes from seeing, she
Will oft-times point and cry—Ah, see!
And when I look, 'tis but a dog,
A cat, a bird, a tree or log.
And when I look at her askance,
The Roses finish their war-dance
And swarm upon the Lilies; now
Comes re-enforcement from her Brow—
When I see this again, I swear
There'll be no end to that sweet war.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

*A. Newall.*

"THE RIVER WENT ITS BUSY WAY,
THO' 'NEATH THE BRIDGE IT FLOWED SO STILL,
THE CUCKOO PINT IN EARLY MAY
FLOWERED IN LONG GRASS BEYOND THE MILL."

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IN the old-fashioned, dark brown panelled taproom of the Pied Bull, where the shadows love to linger, Mr. William Pegford was seated at his ease. The small window upon his right revealed a vision of the tiny country town beneath the sheltering, square, grey church tower, and the tender rose red light of the sunset was mellowing that vision into a picture of some enchantment; but Mr. Pegford's eyes and thoughts were not with the outer world. He was watching the smoke-wreaths curling from his pipe and, good sober man, he was sipping his tankard of ale with the slow economy of one who is determined to make the very most of a good thing. His gentle musings were interrupted by the entrance of his friend, Mr. Henry Jangle, although the newcomer spoke no word. He brought his tankard to the table by the window, seated himself opposite Mr. Pegford and, still in silence, set himself to stare fixedly at the broad face of that gentleman.

In a little while, although not easily disturbed, Mr. Pegford began to find the stare and the silence a trifle oppressive. He was a short man of a most comfortable figure, and the not ungenerous meals of some fifty summers had given to his complexion a rich and mellow tinge of crimson. From his appearance you would have deduced, with some confidence, that he was a prosperous farmer; as a matter of sober fact, it is to be recorded that he kept a saddler's shop.

"Well, Henry, what are you looking at?" he enquired in his slow deep tones.

Henry Jangle was some five years the younger of the pair, and Providence had seen fit to fashion him upon very different lines. He was tall and of an exceeding leanness; his eyes were dark and peering and rather nervous; and a straggling, grizzled beard concealed the lower portion of his thin, pale face. He was the proprietor of what, I believe, is known technically as a "general" shop.

"I'm looking at you, William," he answered, sombrely. "I'm looking at a man what I'm disappointed in."

"And why are you disappointed in me, Henry?" Mr. Pegford asked, in some natural surprise.

Mr. Jangle ignored the direct question.

"I'm looking at a man whose nature, as you may say, has fallen lower than what I'd expected of it," he continued, moodily. "A deal lower, William!"

"And why?" Mr. Pegford asked, stirred to an impatience foreign to his easy nature.

Mr. Jangle extended one lean, gnarled hand, and ticked off his points upon the twisted fingers with some dramatic power.

"Two days afore yesterday you was leaving Widow Mason's cottage as I come to the door," he said, impressively. "The day afore yesterday you knocks at that door just as I goes from it. Yesterday, Toosday as ever was, you was sitting down inside when I gets there!"

Mr. Pegford reflected heavily for a while upon these undeniable facts. Then his slow brain worked.

"Allowing that them facts is the case, Henry," he said, with ponderous caution; "they applies to you just as much as they does to me. Why shouldn't I be looking in on Widow Mason?"

"Once might be haccidental, William," Mr. Jangle said, accusingly. "Twice might be what some people would call a coincidence. Three times means—mischief!"

"And what?" Mr. Pegford enquired, with some approach to temper, "what might you be meaning by the word mischief, Henry Jangle?"

Mr. Jangle shrugged his shoulders expressively. He gave no other answer.

"Come to that," resumed Mr. Pegford, with slow aggression, "what was you doing there yourself?"

"I ain't a widower, William," Mr. Jangle answered, simply.

A FATEFUL FISHING MATCH

BY

JOHN BARNETT.

"And what if you ain't?" retorted the other. "Because you've never found a poor woman what could bring herself to marry you, is that any reason why you should call to account them as is maybe thinking of getting married agin?"

Mr. Jangle sat erect in his chair.

"Then you *are* after the Widow, William!" he said, with a kind of triumph. "I knowed as I weren't mistook. 'Tain't often that I am!"

"And if I am?" Mr. Pegford responded, indignantly. "What have you got agin it, and what is it to do with you?"

"Only, William, that I want to marry her myself," Mr. Jangle answered, with marked mildness. "And I would have thought that an old friend like you, what has been married once and all, would have been ready to give me a fair chance."

"I ain't interfering with your chance, Henry," Mr. Pegford stated.

"But I says that you *are*, William," Mr. Jangle answered, steadily. "It must be unsettling to any woman to have two men, like you and me, a-paying her attention at the same time. It must be apt to excite her. She can't give her mind to one or the other of us, as she ought to."

Mr. Pegford considered the problem.

"What do you want us to do?" he asked, slowly.

"I asks you, William, as one friend to another, to give me fust chance," Mr. Jangle responded, with simple selfishness. "I'm thinking partly of the woman herself. We've got to think of her happiness. I'm younger than you are, I'm slighter in the figure, and I've never been married. If Mrs. Mason gets confused like, she may pick one of us at random, so to speak, and regret it all her life."

"I think that quite likely, Henry!" Mr. Pegford retorted, with dreadful pregnancy. "I don't want her to mix you up with me, if it comes to that! I'm in the prime of life still, if I *don't* happen to be as thin as a wire fence, and I've always had a way with me for handling women. And women likes them as understands 'em."

It was then that Mr. Jangle dropped his mask of mildness.

"It's her bit of money that you're after, William!" he said, swiftly, with terrible directness.

The colour of Mr. Pegford's face deepened.

"It's almost the fust I've heard of her money, Henry Jangle!" he said, and there was a quite unusual light in his small eyes. "It's you who knows of it and it's you who is after it!"

Mr. Jangle looked at him and appeared to come to a resolve.

"I ain't going to quarrel with you, William," he said, frankly. "If the truth was told, I expect we're neither of us actually averse, as you may say, to that bit of money."

Mr. Pegford pondered in his turn. Then he extended an arm like a leg of mutton, and the rivals shook hands.

"Perhaps we ain't, Henry," he conceded, amicably. "But I like Mrs. Mason, setting aside her money, and I ain't going to stand back whilst no man tries his luck afore me."

Mr. Jangle shrugged his shoulders again.

"If that's the case, William," he said; "if so be that that is your final decision (and I say agin that it ain't worthy of you), then what are we to do?"

"We might toss for who has fust chance," Mr. Pegford suggested.

Mr. Jangle shook his head.

"Tossing, to me mind, savours too much of gambling for two men who may both be said to be in the running for churchwarden," he said, decisively. "And yet we've got to settle it somehow. I'd offer to decide it by means of a friendly fishing match, but—that wouldn't be fair to you, William."

Mr. Pegford seemed to erect his bristles like an old boar that hears a challenge.

"And why wouldn't it be fair to me, Henry?" he asked, solemnly.

"Because you'd stand no chance, William," Mr. Jangle answered, not unkindly. "I'm the better fisherman, as well you knows, and my superior science would be bound to tell."

Mr. Pegford drained his tankard with unnatural speed and, symbolically, banged the empty receptacle bottom upwards upon the table.

"That for your science!" he exclaimed. "Barring luck, Henry Jangle, I will engage to get more fish than you nine times out of ten. I'm ready to try it, too, if you are!"

He had risen to his feet, and Mr. Jangle also rose, striving to conceal his eagerness.

"Then you'll make a match of it, William, to decide?" he said. "Suppose we say next Saturday afternoon as ever is? For two hours, I should suggest, and pegged down to our pitches as usual. Are you agreeable?"

"I am," Mr. Pegford answered, sternly. "We fishes for two hours, pegged down, and the one as has the heaviest catch can go up that evening if he pleases and try his luck with Mrs. Mason. And between that time neither of us is as much as to say 'good afternoon' to her!"

And now you know how the extraordinary match was arranged that was the subject of laughing gossip in every cottage for miles around, when at last the particulars leaked out, as they were bound to do in time.

But neither Mr. Pegford nor Mr. Jangle spoke of the matter to any living soul before the fateful afternoon. The two had long been keen rivals in the gentle angling craft, and it is to be supposed that each was quietly confident of the result. But there is reason to believe that one of them at least was filled with gloomy disappointment when Saturday revealed itself as a grey, chilly day, with the clouds scurrying before a biting, keen east wind.

"I suppose, William, that you wouldn't be for entertaining the idea of a postponement on account of weather?" Mr. Jangle suggested, tentatively, when the pair met by appointment at two o'clock.

But Mr. Pegford did not lack shrewdness, despite his rather bovine appearance. He knew that, truly enough, Mr. Jangle had the better of him in mere science, and he was not minded to throw away the element of luck that such unfavourable fishing weather would introduce.

"I should not, Henry!" he answered, firmly, and the rivals wended their way in a rather tense silence towards the little river.

It was certainly an evil fishing day, and worthier of November than August. The east wind tore unimpeded across miles and miles of flat, green, marshy country, and among the gaunt, feathered pine trees it boomed with the sombre note of a gigantic organ. It rippled the narrow, winding river into grey rolling waves, and the green sedge crouched flat and quivering before its path. It seemed a day when even the youngest, most innocent of fish could scarcely be expected to bite.

But Mr. Pegford, whose fishing luck was a by-word, was little daunted. He was wearing two great-coats, and, naturally, he felt the nipping cold much less keenly than did his rival with his lean, ill-covered frame. Solemnly they pegged out two spaces, each ten yards in breadth, side by side upon the bank, and as solemnly they drew lots for choice of position. The right-hand space fell to Mr. Pegford, and he seated himself upon his little camp-stool and hastily got out his tackle. Half-past two had boomed from the church tower and the great match had begun.

Mr. Pegford affected rather coarse tackle and baited with a worm. His taste in regard to his victims was entirely catholic, and he would welcome heartily any species of fish that chose to nibble. Mr. Jangle, on the other hand, was a noted roach-fisherman, and his tackle was of the finest. He used a long, stiff rod, eschewed a running line and baited with paste prepared after his own formula. No Borgia ever preserved the secret of some deadly subtle philtre with more jealousy than that with which Mr. Jangle guarded the recipe of his rather unpleasant-smelling paste.

For a while each man watched his dancing float with a straining eagerness that suggested some hungry beast of prey. Certainly there was nothing particularly lynxlike or tigerish about Mr. Pegford's rotund figure, but no man could have doubted his keenness. With his substantial feet firmly planted in the mud, with his plump hands gripping fast his heavy rod, with his genial, rubicund face intent upon the work before him, he made a picture that was not unpleasing; and Mr. Jangle, although suffering more keenly from the cold, was no whit behind him in resolve. His circulation was always a trifle defective, and with his numbed hands and his lean, bearded face gradually assuming a bluer tinge, he might have posed for a statue of endurance. The two, indeed, presented a striking refutation to those heretics who dare to deride the power of Love. Even in these prosaic days a Queen of Love and Beauty can still exact her tribute of valour and contempt of pain. I like

to think that, in that hour, both Mr. Pegford and Mr. Jangle had forgotten all about the "bit of money" that was well known to stand to Mrs. Mason's credit in the bank.

Yet men's powers are limited, and when a full hour had passed without the suspicion of a bite at either float, something of the tension was unconsciously relaxed. I am, indeed, inclined to think that the cold had temporarily dulled Mr. Jangle's senses, for he was certainly taken by surprise for once when at last his float went under. He struck, his line twanged taut, there was one fierce rush, and then—another sharper twang! Mr. Jangle's science had failed and his fish had broken him!

I am not going to record what Mr. Jangle said in the first bitter moments that followed. There is such a thing as decent reticence on the part of a chronicler, and, besides, Mr. Jangle himself, essentially a man of restraint, was the first to regret his outburst when self-mastery returned. But the provocation was very sore, and Mr. Pegford, although normally as good-natured a soul as ever stepped, so far forgot himself as to rub salt into the wound.

"You ought for sure to use a running line and stouter tackle, Henry," he observed, shaking his head sagely. "I've always told you so! How can you hope to get to land anything heavy with that stiff pole and with gut like gossamer threads?"

Mr. Jangle (I cannot really blame him) glared at his old friend with an almost murderous expression.

"When I want your opinion, Mr. Pegford, I'll ask for it!" he snapped. "I've shown afore now what science can do. It would have puzzled Mr. Isaac Walton himself to master the fish that broke me. It was a two-pound roach, if it was an ounce, I'll lay! And if my hands hadn't been so clemmed—"

He broke off abruptly, for Mr. Pegford's float had vanished, and Mr. Pegford had struck with some little vigour. Upon Mr. Pegford's jolly face there dawned a slow, beatific smile, as he felt the first tug of his fish.

"It's something good, I wager!" he murmured; and then he whispered a rather violent expression of disappointment. His fish had risen to the surface, and what Mr. Pegford's small eyes saw was a dark, writhing coil. He was into a rather heavy eel.

If you are an angler you will know what mischief can be wrought to tackle by one strong, plump eel with a violent distaste for the peaceful repose of death. By the time that eel was a headless corpse, Mr. Pegford was slimy almost from head to foot and fresh tackle was an absolute necessity. But as he worked hastily to repair the havoc there was a cheery twinkle in his eye.

"It's a fish, anyways!" he muttered. "And going on for two pounds, I'll lay!"

Mr. Jangle looked disparagingly at the corpse, and appeared to be brooding as to whether an objection would stand on the score of the reptilian nature of an eel.

"Only five minutes more, Henry!" observed Mr. Pegford, genially, with a glance at his heavy metal watch. "You'll have to brisk up if you means to equal my catch!" And he affectionately patted the still twitching eel.

Mr. Jangle disdained to answer him. Besides, his eyes were glued to his float. It was certainly moving suggestively. . . . It jerked twice abruptly, and Mr. Jangle sighed gustily, for his experience told him that only a small roach was nibbling at his paste. The float bobbed again, and Mr. Jangle struck with skill. Yes, he was into him, and it was certainly only a small one. . . . But what had happened? Mr. Jangle was aware of a heavy snatch to which his wrist had given with instinctive deftness. Oh joy! he was into something big! And then began a really gallant struggle between forces most evenly matched. Even Mr. Pegford, watching with straining eyes, conceded later that Mr. Jangle's science had been vindicated, in that his frail gut had been made equal to the strain imposed upon it.

And there was no doubt about that strain; but now the fight was nearly won. Something had shown upon the surface, something of dark, striped, gleaming bronze that lashed the "mouse-grey water" in its brave fight for life. . . . Mr. Jangle's left hand that clutched the landing-net shot out at the right moment. The best perch that the little river had yielded for many a year was flapping upon the bank!

"'Tis better to be lucky than wise, Henry!" observed the disappointed but sportsmanlike Mr. Pegford. "You was into a little roach, and that was snapped up by yon greedy perch. Lucky you was to get him ashore, but I ain't saying that you didn't do uncommon well for all your silly tackle!"

"'Tis handsome-like of you to say so much, William," his rival answered. "And now—there goes the half-hour! Get out the scales and see who is to journey to Widow Mason's cottage this cold evening!"

I have often pictured that dramatic moment, under the grey sky, beside the grey water, when Mr. Pegford, with hands that shook a little, suspended with some difficulty the trunk of his eel upon the scales. The head was forgotten at first, but, to Mr. Jangle's secret disappointment, it was added at the last moment. The scale quivered and was still.

"One pound, eleven ounces, Henry," pronounced Mr. Pegford, solemnly. "A rare good eel, to be sure."

Then came the perch, and now both men were trembling slightly with excitement. I am quite sure that to both it was the most thrilling moment of their somewhat prosaic lives. The perch slipped once from its captor's fingers to the ground, but it was set in place at last.

"'Twill be a near thing, Henry!" gasped Mr. Pegford, as he watched the scale. "One, ten; one, twelve—you've beat me. No! by Gawillikins! it is a tie!"

"It is that, William!" Henry Jangle answered, almost calmly. "'Tis like a tale in a story book and all. To think that they should weigh the same to the very hair! And now what is to be done?"

For two long silent minutes Mr. Pegford pondered. Then the lines about his mouth quivered, as a brilliant idea came to slow birth in his usually dormant brain.

"I have it, Henry," he said, hoarsely. "We'll go up, the pair of us, this very evening and try our luck together!"

"I don't rightly see what else is to be done," Mr. Jangle answered, slowly; and so it was agreed.

There was a perplexed look upon Mrs. Mason's pleasant, homely face as she sat that evening in her trim, cheerful kitchen. Newcomer as she was to the tiny town, she scarcely knew what to make of this deputation of two that was waiting upon her with such impressive solemnity. Mr. Jangle, with a courteous opening sentence, had requested the favour of private speech with their hostess, and Mrs. Mason's mother, although bursting with curiosity, had hustled indignantly from the kitchen.

And then there fell a heavy silence.

Mr. Pegford, although in a mild perspiration, was at last goaded to speech by the indignant glances of his accomplice.

"Mrs. Mason, ma'am, you may perhaps wonder why you sees us both here to-night—" he began, and then stopped with a gasp.

"Although it must have been plain to your intelligence what are the attached feelings, so to speak, with which we both regards you," the more fluent Mr. Jangle continued.

Mrs. Mason looked upon them both with amazement. I cannot blame her for this. Both gentlemen in previous visits had confined themselves exclusively to exhaustive meteorological discussions. Now, apparently by tacit agreement, the rivals were speaking in alternate sentences.

"Being old friends and seeing as how it was only right and fair as one of us should have a clear chance to speak fust—" remarked Mr. Pegford, jerkily.

"Not caring to toss, being in the running for churchwarden, we decided to settle it by a fishing match—"

"Pegged down we was . . . a good plump eel and a perch that was caught rather lucky as some might think—"

"No luck at all about it; but, anyways, they weighed the same. And so we agreed to come here to-night together."

Mrs. Mason had been trying for some time to get in a word. Now at last she succeeded. Her face was rather flushed.

"And what did you want to say to me?" she asked, gently. The two visitors glared at her in astonishment. They could not understand such obtuseness. They spoke together.

"Much attached—been married once, but understanding women's ways—should be proud to lead you to the altar," was the confused sentence that she caught.

Mrs. Mason looked away from them for a moment and her lips were compressed. But her eyes were very far from severity.

"I am so sorry I didn't understand before," she said. "I quite thought as you both meant only to be kind and neighbourly to a newcomer. I am never going to marry again. I have my mother and children to look after. I hope as you'll understand that I shall never, never alter my mind— And I do hope earnestly that two old friends won't fall out over me!"

Five minutes later, outside the door, Mr. Jangle and Mr. Pegford shook hands with a certain sympathetic warmth.

"Perhaps it's all for the best. Women are kittle cattle at our age," the former said. "I'll be beside the river at two sharp next Saturday, William."

"I shall be there," rejoined Mr. Pegford, solemnly.

HAKONÉ AND ITS FAMOUS GUIDE-BOOK.

THERE are few places that can offer more delights to those who love a ramble o'er hill and dale than the Hakoné District of Japan. Its lovely woodlands and mountains, ringing with the sound of rills and rivers, cascades and waterfalls, make it a veritable paradise for a holiday. A railway journey of two hours from Yokohama brought us to Kozu, whence we journeyed by electric car to Yumoto, the terminus of the line. Here we made a slight detour from the main road, to see the cascade called Tama-dare-no-taki. Entering the pretty gardens of a tea-house, we were immediately taken in charge by little smiling musumés, who, with many bows and much giggling at our broken Japanese sentences, toddled along under the maples and led us to the foot



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MOUNT FUJI AND LAKE HAKONÉ.

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of the falling waters. A hundred feathery streams gushed from the mountain-side, falling down the rocky slope into a limpid crystal pool below, where huge gold carp were lazily gliding about in shoals or loafing under the shade of the bridges and overhanging trees.

The road to Miyano-shita, through the village of Tonosawa, disclosed fresh beauties at every turn as it wound its way up the mountain-side. On the left was a dense forest of pine and maple trees, and tall bamboos with feathery leaves quivering in the breeze; while on the right were the steep slopes of the roaring Hayakawa, down which scores of streamlets danced their way to the rushing waters below. There are many charming excursions to be made from here, but the favourite one is that to Lake Hakoné. The road leads along the left bank of the Hayakawa for some distance, and thence strikes off up a steep pathway into the Ashinoyu Mountains through the village from which they derive their name. This place is famous for the curative properties of its sulphur springs. Ashinoyu is 2,800ft. above the sea, and is always cool, even in the hottest months of summer.



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THE CHILDREN'S DEITY.

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Just before the lake comes into view there are some famous carvings to be seen. The most interesting of these is an immense bas-relief, cut in the face of a wall of rock, of Jizo, the Buddhist god who watches over the souls of little children and to whom women about to become mothers offer up their prayers. The sentiment surrounding this deity is a very beautiful one. It is the popular belief that when children die they descend into purgatory and are compelled by a horrible witch to work piling up into pyramids the stones of the Sai-no-Kawara—the River Bed of Souls—the Japanese Styx. This labour is unending, for bands of horrible demons, called "oni," rise from the river and destroy the heaps and frighten the children, and weepingly they would have to toil for ever rebuilding them were it not that the gentle Jizo has compassion on them. He comes to their help and drives away their tormentors and hides the little ones in the great sleeves of his kimono. Hence it is that those who pray to Jizo deposit a stone or two about the shrine, as thus they lighten the toil of their little ones who have passed away. This image is



Herbert G. Ponting.

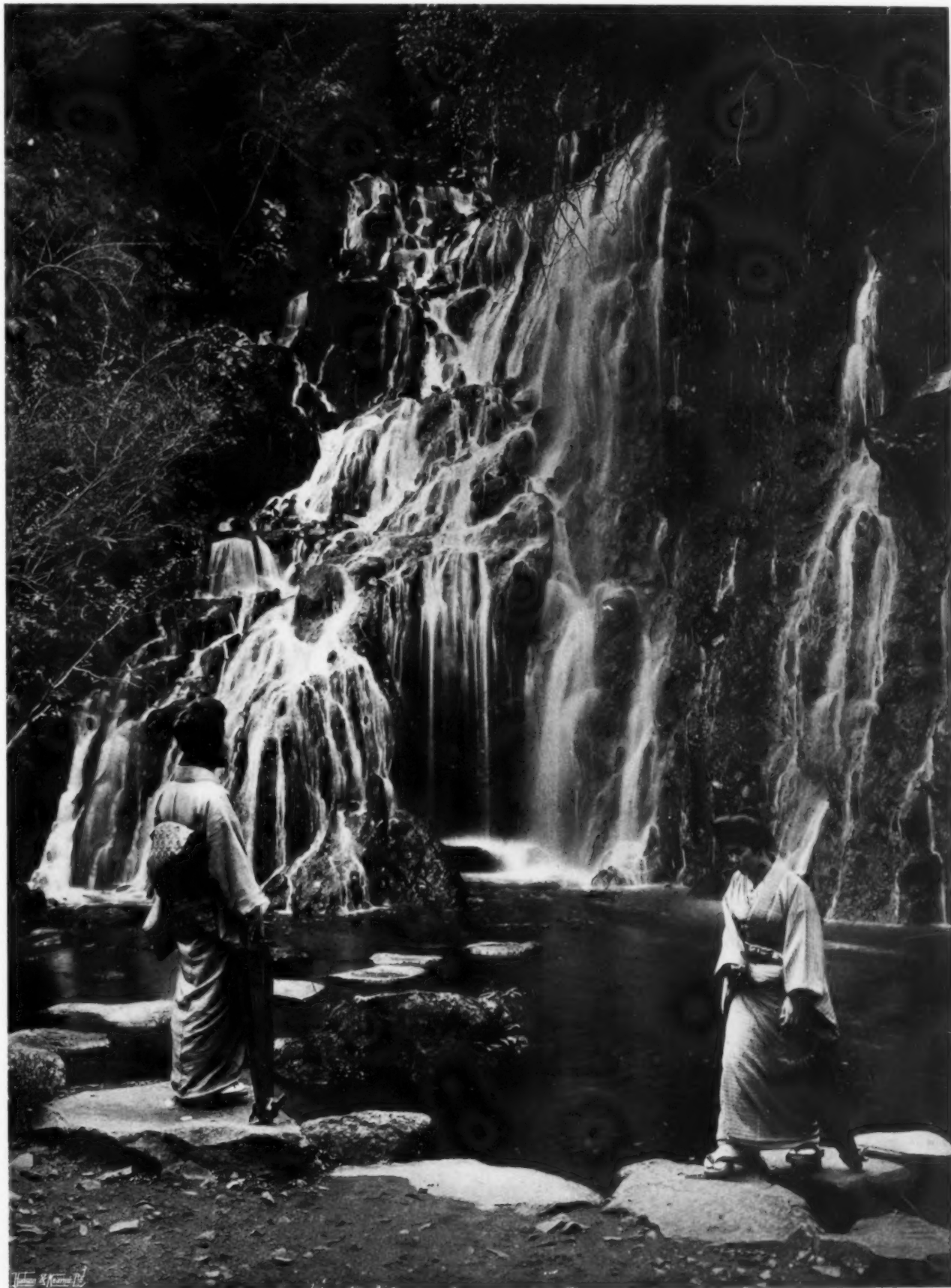
"THE FOOT OF THE FALLING WATERS."

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said to be the work of Kobo Daishi, a Buddhist saint who lived in the eighth century, and he is credited with having accomplished the feat in a single night.

The surroundings of Lake Hakoné are very beautiful. It nestles among the hills, with the long street of low Kaia-thatched

embellished with a golden outline of Fujiyama so quaintly interesting that I leave the rest of the description of this region to its author—a Japanese—and quote verbatim from the work. Speaking of the beauties of the place and its approaches, he says: "Owing to toilsome ascent many difficulties must be endured by



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THE TAMADARE WATERFALL.

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houses of Hakoné Village at one end, near which is the summer home of the Emperor, while in the north Fujiyama's shapely crest towers above the surrounding mountains, crowned with a diadem of dazzling virgin snow. Walking through the village, I was attracted by the sign, "The Guide Book to Hakoné," in a cottage window. I bought one, and found the little blue volume

travellers. The result of toleration is pleasure. There the Imperial Palace stands, Hakoné Gongen, a Shinto temple, adorns itself with perpetual unchanging dress of forest; the Ashi lake spreads the face of glowing glass reflected upside down the shadow of Fuji, which is the highest, noblest, and most glorious mountain in Japan, and the mineral hot springs warmly entertain the guests

coming yearly to visit them during summer vacation. The purity of the air, the coolness of summer days, and the fine view of landscapes are agreeable to all visitors; for these facts, they do not know how is the summer heat and where is the epidemic prevailing." A little further on I find another ex-patiation on the quality of the air, as follows: "Draught of pure air suspends no poisonous mixture, and always cleanses the defilement of our spirit. During the winter days the coldness robs up all pleasures from our hands, but at the summer months they are set free."

The beauty of the view has apparently given wide scope for the full power of the author's imagination, and opened up an opportunity for a fine display of expression and similes, while a warmth of poetic zeal is awakened which scorns any trifling inconsistencies. Of it there is this to be said: "Whenever we visit the place, the first pleasure to be longed is the view of Fuji Mountain and its summit is covered with permanent undissolving snow, and its regular configuration hanging down the sky like an opened white fan, may be looked long at equal shape from several regions surrounding it. Every one who saw it has ever nothing but applause. It casts the shadow in a contrary direction on still glassy face of lake as I have just described.



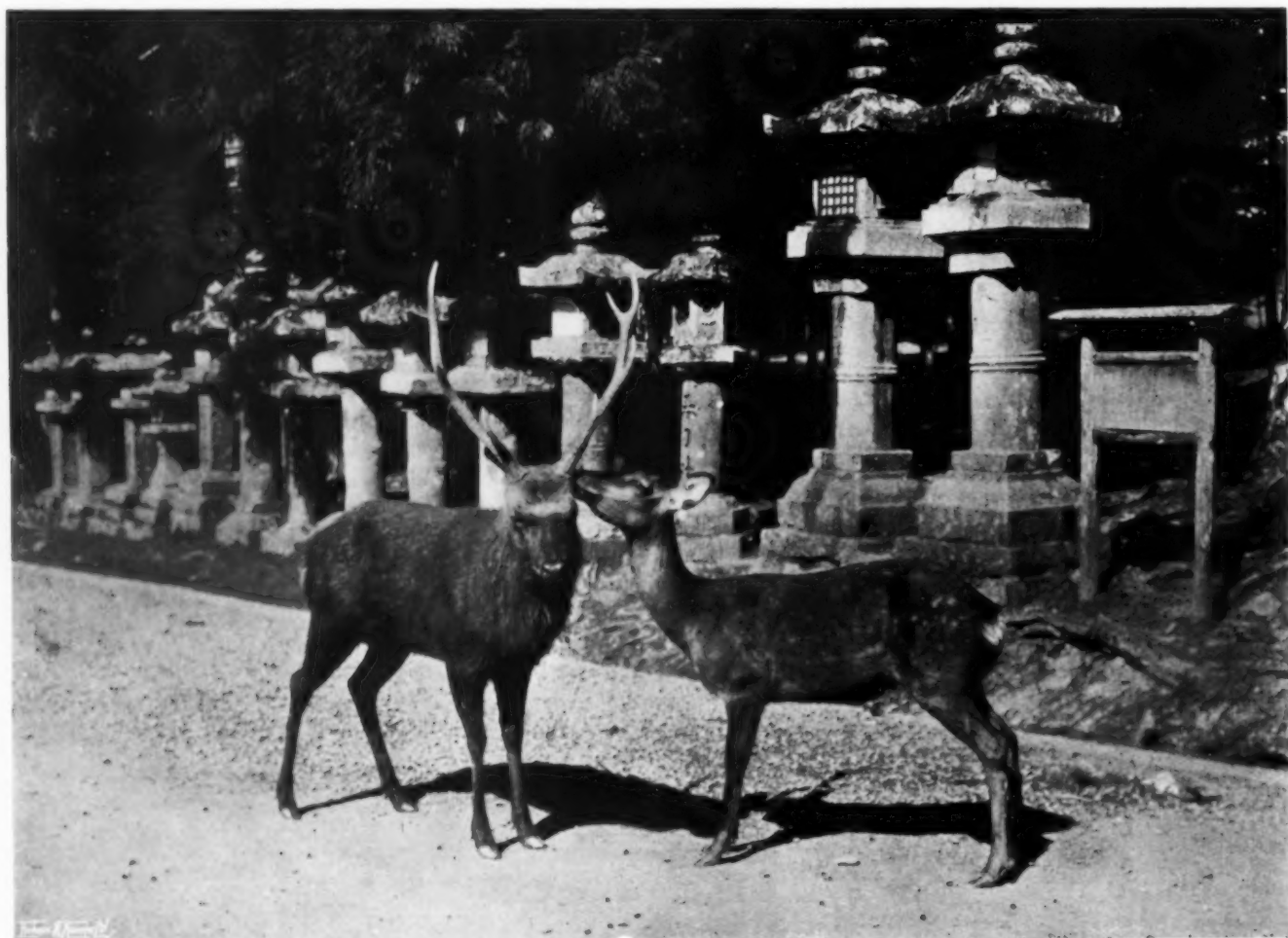
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CARP AT THE FOOT OF THE TAMADARE WATERFALL.

o'er the waves of a still and glassy lake or a cuckoo playing on a harp should be heeded. Not far away is the village Oidaira or "Old Man's Plain." There is a legend connected with the place which the author relates thus: "At an ancient period, a youth called Urashima Taro ever passed here, and rested himself from his labours. Within his baggages he had a box which he was left from his wife with whom he had lived happily, and which he was strictly decreed never to open whatever be the case, and that if it be opposed he will become old. But he forgot his wife's decrete words. He opened the box. The lid was cast into front mountain and the box into hind mountain. Suddenly his face wrinkled, his beard became white, his loins bent

Buildings of Imperial Solitary Palace, scenery of Gongen, are all spontaneous pictures. Wind proper in quantity suits to our boat to slip by sail, and moonlight shining on the sky shivers quartz luster over ripples of the lake. The cuckoo, singing near by our Hotel, plays on a harp, and the gulls flying about to and fro seek their food in the waves. All these panorama may be gathered only at this place." In such a burst of unrestrained enthusiasm it is scarcely to be supposed that such unimportant discrepancies as the gulls flying



Herbert G. Ponting.

"MY DEAR!"

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as shrimp, and all blessing disappeared at once. On that account, mountain to which he cast the box was called Bunko-Yama, which Japanese mean 'Mountain of Box,' and that of the lid was called 'Futago-Yama,' of which pronunciation is in like sound with lid in Japanese, and this flat place was named Oidaira, as I have just spoken." (This legend, however, is much more fully and beautifully told in other books, and Lafcadio Hearn, in "Out of the East," relates it in a charming manner.) The journey from Hakoné to Segyodaira calls forth the remarks "The more we go forward the lower the ground becomes. Soon we shall arrive to Segyodaira, or Settai, where in former ages the horses passing through this place, received bestowment of the bean, but at the present time the alms of tea are given to everyone who travels on this mountain instead of giving compassion to horses."

One of the attractions of the lake is boating in summer-time, and I read: "The preparation of boats and Japanese small ships is made for the diversion of residents. If the boat excursion on the lake be wished, an order for fittings will be given to boatmen; if the boat race be desired, the waveless part of the Lake between Toga-shima and Hatabikiyama will be chosen for; and if we want to go to Ubago, the ferry boat will carry us forth at the morning and back at the evening after bathing all day."

Hakoné was the scene of many fierce conflicts in feudal times. The latest battle is described thus: "At May, of the first year of Meiji, about thirty years ago from the present, two feudal and military chiefs engaged in battle on Hakoné mountain. One of them was Okubo Kagano-kami, the Lord of Odawara-Han, and the other was Shonosuke Hayashi, Lord of Boshu, and the former belonged to Imperial Army and the latter was in Shogun's side. One time Hayashi staid at Numadzu and held a good many soldiers. Leading them, he passed Mishima and came to Hakoné. He requested to the guardsmen of Barrier Gate to let his army pass through it. At that time the guardianship of the gate was in the hand of Odawara Han, and the request was not permitted by its master Kagano Kami. He durst to pass through it by military power. Then the battle was instigated and instantly guns were fired. All of the dwellers of Hakoné were so frightened that they fled out of their dwellings and hid in mountains and valleys. After short struggle the guardsmen could not conquer him, and retired to Odawara to shut themselves up in the castle for its defence. Taking advantage of victory, he advanced his army to destroy them. He missed unexpectedly his cogitation. He was defeated very badly and retired to Yumoto. Secondly he ran back to Hakoné, defeated by enemy. By violent pursuit of Imperial Army he was finally obliged to run to Ajiro, about four miles south from Atami and thence to escape to his own previous dominion. Thenceforth, the construction of perfect Imperial government by the revelation of Meiji, placed the nation out of impetuous struggles of Feudalism. And the ruin was remained to endless fancy."

This is the style of the little volume from beginning to end, and it ranks among the most interesting of my Japanese curiosities.

HERBERT G. PONTING.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE.

DWELLERS in the South of England and, more especially, on the Riviera are well acquainted with the little double white Banksian Rose, which, as Dean Hole well said, smells as if it had paid a visit to the Violet. It thrives fairly well in some parts of England, but is too apt to be injured by spring frosts, as it has a habit of making early growths in spring. There is also the double yellow, with its delightful clusters of butter yellow flowers, which is a much more certain doer and flowerer than the fragrant white, and adorns many a house front at the end of May in sunny situations. Next comes (merely for the sake of mentioning it) a pale yellow form, which is far less free and desirable in England than the best-known variety just mentioned, so that I name it merely to say it is not worth growing in England, though desirable enough in a hotter and drier climate. It is a pity that the handsome hybrid between the white Banksian Rose and *Rosa sinica*, called *R. Fortunei* from its introducer, is also a shy bloomer under glass or on a wall in England. Personally I prefer it to any other variety, from its long continuance in bloom during the winter, and its peculiar and particular fragrance and glossy foliage, which is evergreen in the South of France, at any rate. It demands decidedly more heat and sun-power than the other varieties.

Forty years ago the single yellow Banksian Rose made its appearance in Europe, and it at once became a favourite from its freedom of growth and flower, and also from its precocity, for it flowers quite a fortnight before the double varieties. I hardly know if it is much grown in England, but it decidedly merits a trial, as it seems the hardiest of the race and is wonderfully

lasting as well as free flowering. Since then it had beer, a matter of wonder that no single white Banksian Rose had ever appeared. No collector, at any rate, has brought the single white form back from China, nor do I individually remember anyone who has lived in China mentioning the fact of there being a single white form known, though I feel sure it must exist. The following are my reasons for so saying:

More than a hundred years ago an English admiral was sent for the first time to the China Seas, and he brought back to his home in Scotland many pieces of china and various curiosities. Among them he also brought back seeds of various Chinese plants, which were handed over to the care of the gardener, no doubt, as several survivals testify even at the end of more than a century. What specially struck me when visiting this garden was the great girth of the stems of a Banksian Rose on the castle walls. Severe frosts from time to time had killed this old Rose down to the level of the ground, or very nearly so. The last time this occurred was in the severe winter of 1894-95, and since then the old Rose has again grown up to a very considerable height against the wall of the tower. Its slender growth struck me as being somewhat unusual, and on making enquiries about it I was told that it was a single white Rose! Further enquiries showed that clearly it was a single Rose, but so rarely did it succeed in flowering in the North of Scotland that my informers could not positively assert anything more.

On being kindly given cuttings and a rooted young plant, I took them to Nice and planted them; but the change from the cool, moist climate of the North of Scotland to the fierce, dry heat of a summer in the South of France was unexpectedly trying to the little plants, and for two years they did little more than exist. This year, however, the young plants have flowered, and proved themselves to be the long missing single white Banksian Rose, so long a subject for enquiry or of pious belief rather than a "positive entity." Its fairy-like little clusters of pure white single flowers, with pink stamens, are very elegant and dainty. Perhaps when still stronger it may yet prove as great an acquisition as the single yellow Banksian, and its history of having, so to say, lain hidden for more than one hundred years in the North of Scotland, with no one to bring its fragile beauty into public notice, is quite a modern edition of the Sleeping Beauty in the Enchanted Wood! What strange possibilities there are for all those who love a garden! Were it a French Rose it would deserve the name of "La Belle au Bois Dormant."

EDWARD H. WOODALL.

THE JUDAS TREE IN THE ROYAL GARDENS, KEW.

ONE of our prettiest but little-known hardy trees flowering at the present time is the Judas Tree (*Cercis Siliquastrum*). Although it was introduced to this country from the Mediterranean region so long ago as 1596, it is but seldom met with in English gardens, a fact that is rather difficult to understand, as it is generally shown in quantity at the Royal Horticultural Society's great Temple Show. But those who have an opportunity of visiting Kew Gardens should ask for the groups of Judas Trees. It is a tree some 15 ft. to 20 ft. high, the leaves being almost kidney-shaped. The flowers, which are usually produced very freely, are in shape somewhat like those of Peas, and are reddish purple in colour, reminding one somewhat of the richer-hued Lilacs when seen at a distance. For planting in a lawn bed this tree is admirable in every way, and as it is not at all particular as regards soil, provided it is well drained, it should be more freely used where choice flowering trees are admired. In addition to the type there are varieties with nearly white and flesh-coloured flowers, but these are not generally favoured. The Redbud Shrub of North America (*C. canadensis*) is not so well known even as the Judas Tree, but it is a very pretty tree for our gardens. It usually attains a height of about 12 ft., and has red flowers; it was introduced to this country in 1730, since when it does not appear to have advanced much in public favour.

II.

A BEAUTIFUL FLOWERING CRAB—*PYRUS MALUS FLORIBUNDA*.

This and its still more beautiful variety *atrosanguinea* have for the past few weeks been a glorious sight, adding a distinct charm to the pleasure-grounds and other parts of the garden. Not fastidious as to choice of site and soil, it succeeds well as an isolated specimen on grass where it has sufficient space to spread its semi-pendulous branches, which are literally wreathed with flowers that are almost as pretty in the bud state as when fully expanded, these being succeeded by the small yellow fruits. But perhaps the ideal place of all for it, when the circumstances allow, is by the side of water, and when seen in the sunlight with its reflection on the water it is, indeed, a grand sight. *P. floribunda atrosanguinea* is many shades deeper in colour, and has the advantage of retaining its beauty for a much longer period than the ordinary *floribunda*.

A RARE MAPLE—*ACER CARPINIFOLIUM*.

This Japanese Maple usually attracts attention on account of its distinctly different appearance from any others with which I am acquainted, and forms a striking addition to the shrubberies, being quite hardy, or sufficiently so at least to pass through the last rigorous winter completely unharmed, while the young growths seem entirely immune from the attacks of late spring frosts this season. Another great advantage is that the plant is of rapid growth, and begins to grow very early in spring. With us it forms a compact and densely foliaged roundish bush, being clothed to the ground with its pale green leaves. These attain a length of about 6 in., and are doubly serrated and slightly drooping, giving the bush an elegant effect. Until defoliated by frost, the leaves retain their shape and assume a yellowish nut-brown colour in autumn. This plant is well named, as anyone may easily mistake it for Hornbeam.

E. B.



THE breach between the Duchess of Marlborough and Vanbrugh in 1710 was healed, and work was resumed at Blenheim in the following spring, the Treasury having continued its grants. But that was only while Harley and St. John were feeling their feet and creating enough peers to get a peace majority in the House of Lords.

The year 1712 saw Marlborough a private citizen and the Government as anxious to be free of the expense of the building which was to commemorate his victories as they were to throw away the fruits of those victories. Blenheim lay derelict and its architect was made into a political martyr by being dismissed from his Comptrollership of the Royal Works. Another act in

the strange drama of this great house opens with the accession of George I. The curtain rises on a scene of renewed activity. George landed at Greenwich on September 18th, 1714, and the very next day Vanbrugh was introduced into the Royal presence by Marlborough in order to be knighted. Patron and architect had already been to Blenheim, where the Duke had declared that as soon as the Government discharged the building debts due from the late Queen he would finish the building at his own cost. This was done, and Sir John carried on operations in peace under the Duke's directions until the latter was laid low by a stroke in 1716. Then the Duchess resumed complete sway over the works and finally quarrelled with the architect. The only further connection between Vanbrugh and his great creation lay in lawsuits, pamphlets and re-creminations. When he wished to show it to his wife and to the ladies of the Castle Howard family he was denied admittance by the determined old lady, whose habit of mind was as strenuous in her enmities as in her friendships. The completion of Blenheim, therefore, especially as regards its decorations, was not carried out under its designer's eye. But as his plans and drawings were used, the house breathes his spirit as much in its interior as in its exterior. Allowing that Vanbrugh's first aim was to get an exterior which fulfilled his notions of grandeur and good grouping, and that the inside of the house was a secondary consideration, it will be found that the general plan and the disposition of apartments offer very considerable convenience and comfortableness. They are, of course, such as their age would produce. A kitchen a hundred yards away from the dining-room, and a long suite of State apartments opening out of each other, and occupying



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"C.L."



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SOUTH END OF THE HALL AND EASTERN CORRIDOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the best position and sunniest aspect, were considered perfectly satisfactory throughout the eighteenth century. Talman at Chatsworth, Campbell at Wanstead, Kent at Holkham, Adam at Kedleston, planned thus in common with Vanbrugh, and Blenheim compares very favourably with other great Palladian houses in the matter of its internal arrangement. Mr. Blomfield is somewhat over-critical in complaining of the absence of five rooms, and the presence of ill-lighted ones. The desired elevation has been obtained with less sacrifice of the kind than might have been expected. The hall, saloon and long gallery are all of very great size, and of admirable proportions, and they are well windowed. Of the seven lesser rooms included in the south front, four are each 35ft. long and of adequate width, and it is rather a relief to find one's self occasionally in a room not much more than 20ft.

square. There are, necessarily, two little inner courts to the main block which light certain corridors and subsidiary apartments, and the segmental arrangement of the spaces between the portico and the wings on the north side causes some obscurity and lost space. Apart from that, no fault can be found with the aspect and lighting even of the bedrooms (a very secondary consideration at the time), for there has been no desire here to hide their windows away, as at Stowe, in order to give a more temple-like appearance to the principal façades. Moreover, the galleries, or corridors, stretching out in pairs on either side of the great central hall, give ready access and private entry to almost every apartment. If we regret, externally, the absence of such a feature as the central dome at Castle Howard, internally the hall profits. The Castle Howard hall is too high for its size, the eye loses itself in the



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IN THE SALOON: LOOKING NORTH-EAST.

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IN THE SALOON: LOOKING NORTH-WEST.

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dim recesses of the dome. The flat ceiling at Blenheim, though 67ft. from the floor, is much pleasanter, and the height is less than the total length of the room. The chief lighting is by a clerestory of arched windows just below the ceiling, the whole expanse of which is covered by Sir John Thornhill's great painting and is brilliantly lighted. Here we see the Duke, in classic garb of rich blue, pointing to a chart of the Battle of Blenheim as he kneels to the Goddess of Victory, who holds out to him a laurel crown. The hall, with its side arcading, its long offshoots of vaulted corridors, its south end ceiled below the clerestory and separated from the main portion by an arch supported by columns, is an exceedingly successful composition; but Vanbrugh's love of great size in detail is seen by the enormous

fluted pilasters which rise at the four corners and support the great entablature on which the clerestory rests. One section only of the hall is here illustrated, showing the south end and one of the corridors. On the left the main part of the hall is perceived, to the right is the great marble doorway giving access to the saloon, over which is the bust of the man

Who shook the Gallic, fix'd the Austrian throne, as the inscription reminds us. Above are seen the brackets which support the gallery. The whole of this south end composes remarkably well as seen on entering the great north door, whose elaborate lock and bolts, copied from an example at Warsaw, should be noticed. The back wall of the gallery is arcaded and decorated with plaster festoons, encircling bas-reliefs of the

Duke and Duchess on either side of the Royal crown, below which hangs a full-length picture of Queen Anne. Despite their dismissal and curt treatment, the Duke and Duchess ever did honour to the Queen. A marble statue of her in her coronation robes was placed in the Long Gallery. It is by Rysbrach, to whom also the Duchess entrusted the making of the great monument to her husband and sons which forms the chief object in the chapel. Passing out of the hall through the great doorway which the Duke's bust surmounts, we enter the saloon. It is one of those large painted apartments which were then fashionable in the palaces of the great, and it is the work of Laguerre, Verrio's ablest assistant, with whom he had worked at Chatsworth and elsewhere. The scheme of the Blenheim saloon is very good of its kind. On the ceiling the customary great allegorical cloud picture spreads itself out and is described in the eighteenth century "Description of Blenheim" as "Emblematically representing John Duke of Marlborough in the career of victory, arrested by the hand of Peace"—an ethereal way of glossing over the events which led to the Treaty of Utrecht. But if

On painted ceiling you devoutly stare
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre,

the walls are treated architecturally and thus the sense of confusion and oppression produced by an infinite number of figures of heroic size is avoided. The room has a low dado, two simple chimney-pieces and four great door-cases, all of marble, and of very beautiful and well chosen marble. Except for the gigantic shells set, under a ducal coronet, as the central feature of the doorway arches, the marble work shows Vanbrugh in his most reticent humour. Apart from these marble features, the whole of the walls are treated with Laguerre's brush, and represent a temple-like structure through the opening of whose peristyle natives of all nations look down. There are six of these compartments, four of which show so well in the accompanying illustrations that Spaniards, Moors, Chinese and Turks may in each case be recognised. In the first of the series—too near the south and windowed side of the room to be successfully photographed—Laguerre introduced a portrait of himself to typify France, while "the Portrait of the Englishman, which possesses much rubicundity and portliness, is believed to represent Dean Jones, Chaplain to Sarah Duchess of

Marlborough." On either side of the saloon stretch the series of State rooms, so that when the double doors are open from end to end a vista over 300ft. long is obtained. Eastward lie four rooms on whose walls originally hung many of the canvases for which Blenheim was famous until a quarter of a century ago, and which made Dr. Waagen declare that "if nothing were to be seen in England but this seat, with its park and treasures of art, there would be no reason to repent the journey to this country." In what is now called the Red Drawing-room, which has walls hung with tapestry, he had seen Van Dyck's equestrian portrait of Charles I., now in the National Gallery. The Commonwealth had sold it for a paltry sum and it crossed the Channel. But Marlborough had found it at Munich and had bought it and brought it home. In the next room, the Green Drawing-room of to-day, hung the famous "Virgin Enthroned," by Raphael, which went with the Van Dyck to Trafalgar Square. But if this room has lost its Raphael it has kept its Reynolds. In Sir Joshua's celebrated group of the third Duke and his family we see on canvas the triumph of those very qualities which the painter recognised in Vanbrugh's architecture. "The support of the principal object," and the "conduct of the background" are admirable. But the picture also possesses what the house somewhat lacks—perfect beauty and delicacy in its details and its colouring. It was painted in 1778 and cost 700 guineas. So many fine family portraits remain at Blenheim that the absence of its most famous canvases is not particularly noticeable, and as regards the rooms that lie west of the saloon, it is for their tapestries rather than for their pictures that they have ever been celebrated. They are called the State apartments and are illustrated in this series. The tapestries represent scenes in the Duke's campaigns. The foreground figures are full of animation and of rich colouring, contrasting well with the low, grey, pearly tones of the background, where troops are marching, fortresses are being bombarded and towns and villages dot the flat Flemish landscape. In the first room are depicted the siege of Lille and the battle of Malplaquet. In the second room we have a series of views of the march to Bouchain and its siege. Why so much is made of so small an affair it is difficult to understand, unless it is that a youngest child is sometimes the favourite. The capture of Bouchain was the only achievement of Marlborough's last campaign against Villars in 1711. It was meant as the first step





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THE SECOND STATE ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in a scheme to enter into the heart of France. But the English Government were bent on making peace rather than on waging war, and a few months later the Duke was dismissed from his command. The dog that shows so well in the illustration is a famous one. It belonged to General Cadogan (on whom the brunt of the early part of the battle of Oudenarde had fallen three years earlier), and after being always at his heels throughout the Flemish campaigns, it returned home safe and sound. In the third room we see Marlborough's main army marching up to support Cadogan at Oudenarde. Over the mantel-piece of this room is a portrait by Kneller of the Duke with Armstrong, another of his generals. In the Bouchain room the corresponding panel is occupied by Louis XIV., who seems to be gazing at the invaders of his dominions, while in the first room we are brought down to the art and history of to-day by Carolus Duran's very masterly presentment of the reigning Duchess. The decoration of the three rooms, if a little heavy and gorgeous, offers a fine example of the style which prevailed in England at the beginning of the Hanoverian régime. The work about the over-doors and mantels, and that of the wall panels and cornices, has nothing excessive, but the immense and truly Vanbrugh scale of the ornaments in the ceiling coxes is a little overpowering, and is comparable to his work in the Oulton drawing-rooms. The ceilings of the suite lying east of the saloon at Blenheim savour rather of the Inigo Jones manner, and are more thoroughly agreeable. We cannot with any certainty hold Vanbrugh responsible for particular decorative details at Blenheim.

The house was habitable in 1716, and the Duke and Duchess were there for a time in that year; but it is not likely that the State rooms had received the last touches, and we know that much work was done during the ten years that followed the final breach between the Duchess and the architect. It was caused by the violence of a letter which Vanbrugh wrote to the Duchess in November, 1716, when his feelings were lacerated by hearing rumours of his supersession. Although the letter hardly warranted the lady saying that "she was very sorry that she had fouled her fingers in writing to such a fellow," it certainly called a spade a spade, and ended with the words, "Your grace having, like the Queen,

thought fit to get rid of a faithful servant, the Tories will have the pleasure to see your glassmaker, Moor, make just such an end of the Duke's building as her minister Harley did of his victories, for which it was erected." To what extent the hand of the "glassmaker" is revealed in the State Apartment it is difficult to say; but, as regards the last of the rooms illustrated, now known as the Long Gallery, it is certain that much of its present appearance was given to it many years after Sir John's death in 1726, and even after the eager and passionate spirit of the old Duchess was laid to rest, eighteen years later. The Long Gallery was most likely never used by her, or not until it changed its character and became the great library in which her successor housed the famous collection of books and manuscripts which his father had gathered together.

Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough (though third holder of the title), had, as a lad, little prospect of succeeding to his grandfather's strawberry leaves. Duke John's son, Lord Blandford, died in the year that Blenheim was fought, and when the Honour of Woodstock was conferred on the victor that estate and the Dukedom were settled on heirs generally. The Godolphins, therefore, came first in the succession, and though Duchess Sarah retained Blenheim and most of her husband's great wealth for her life, Henrietta, Countess of Godolphin, as eldest daughter, became the reigning Duchess in 1721, and had a son to succeed her. But he died in 1731, and when his mother followed him two years later, the great inheritance came to the Spencers. Lady Anne Churchill, her mother's favourite, had married the third Earl of Sunderland, who occupied so large a position as a Whig statesman under Queen Anne and her successor; but politics were by no means his only intellectual interest. He began collecting books and manuscripts when he was nineteen, and was only twenty-three when, in 1699, Evelyn tells us he had "an incomparable library," which contained "among other rare books several that were printed at the first invention of that wonderful art." Though this collection was surpassed, soon after, by that of the second Earl of Oxford, whose Harleian Manuscripts have long formed so valuable a national possession, it was described by Macky in 1703 as the "finest in Europe."

Like the Harleian, it was one of the sources of its owner's financial embarrassment, and when Lady Sunderland died, early in George I.'s reign, matters looked dark for her sons, whom she begged her mother to protect. Charles was the second of these, but the death of his elder brother made him fifth Earl of Sunderland in 1729, and on his aunt's death in 1733 he became Duke of Marlborough. As he was at no time a

the library was sold in 1882 and the room is hung with pictures, as is believed to have been Vanbrugh's original intention, much of the decoration introduced by the second Duke remains, and the southern compartment—corresponding to that which contains the new organ at the north end—is still fitted with the original bookcases and gallery. The woodwork is apt to be attributed to Grinling Gibbons, but, as the whole of



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THE THIRD STATE ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

favourite with his grandmother, who preferred his younger brother John, and as he quarrelled violently with her over his marriage and over his reconciliation with the Government of Sir Robert Walpole, his position was not very enviable during her lifetime. But when Blenheim and the vast settled property at length came to him, he moved the library to his new home, Althorp having passed to his younger brother—ancestor of the present Earl Spencer. Although

it appears to be synchronous and to have been part of the scheme for the reception of the Sunderland library, it must be subsequent to his time. It reminds us, rather, of Isaac Ware's manner, especially as shown at Chesterfield House, where the designer was controlled by the famous Earl of Chesterfield—himself a master of the best French style of his day. He took up his residence there in 1749, which is the year mentioned in the "Dictionary of National Biography" as that when the

Sunderland library was set on the new shelves in the Blenheim library. The whole of the west end of the house is occupied by this apartment, "upwards of one hundred and eighty three feet long." It is divided into five sections, of which that at each end is marked off by an archway and has a domed ceiling of rich plaster-work; next to either end come the long narrow sections centred by mantel-pieces. The middle portion is much deeper, being recessed on its east side (where the main entrance is marked by a great marble portal), and projected into a round bay towards the west. The structure and general disposition is certainly Vanbrugh's, but whether he is responsible for the main ceiling and wall designs is an open question. The absence of Corinthian capitals and the reticence of the friezes are arguments against it. On the other hand, we see very similar work and choice of motif at Benington, a Yorkshire house for which Vanbrugh was chiefly responsible, though Wakefield may have acted as local architect. As regards the work added by the second Duke, now that the book-cases have been removed except from the south end, little shows in the illustrations except the mantel-pieces. These are exceedingly good. The black and white marble substructure is flanked and surmounted by elaborate woodwork of delicate design and exquisite technique, and in the broken pediment of one of them the Duke placed the bust of his father, the founder of the library. They were meant as part of a general composition with the book-cases, and have lost by the removal of the latter consequent on the dispersal of the library. It will be noticed, however, that the marble portion of the arrangement, though in no way contrasting, is not in the style of Ware or of Kent, but rather of Chambers or of Adam. The same may be said of others in one or two of the drawing-rooms, and of the mahogany doors of the whole of the southern suite. In the "Description of Blenheim," which has been already quoted, the name of Sir William Chambers is distinctly connected with work at Blenheim done in the time of the third Duke. This guide-book, published in 1789, and often re-issued, was written by William Mavor, a voluminous writer of educational works, who taught the Duke's children writing before he took Orders and obtained church preferment from his patron. He became rector of Woodstock, and it is rather disappointing that, as he lived near by during most of half a century and must have seen exactly what went on, he does not give us more exact information of the changes that were made during that time. The second Duke, anxious to emulate his grandfather, entered the Army, fought at Dettingen in 1743, and was in command of a considerable English force in the early days of the Seven Years' War. This force of 14,000 regulars and of "half the purplest blood of England" as volunteers was sent in May, 1758, on board a fleet to St. Malo and later in the year it was transferred to Germany as a contingent of the allied army under Ferdinand of Brunswick. It greatly distinguished itself at Minden and in other encounters, but was then no longer under the command of Marlborough, who had died soon after his landing on the Continent. His

son George, a lad of twenty, succeeded to his honours and estates, and held them for nearly sixty years. As a young man he entered the political arena and was Privy Seal in 1763. But he soon retired from public life and spent most of his long life at Blenheim, busy with many alterations. These were mostly out-of-doors, and were entrusted to "Capability" Brown, but the little temple dedicated to Artemis was certainly designed by Sir William Chambers—who had done much work of the kind for the King at Kew—and as the bed in the third State room and the pedestal to an antique bust in the library are specially mentioned by Mavor as being from his designs, it is probable that all the internal alterations effected by the third Duke were



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IN THE LONG GALLERY: LOOKING NORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

carried out by this architect. As a feud had arisen between him and Brown over the garden works at Claremont, which Chambers considered had been snatched from him, they were not likely to have been employed coevally at Blenheim; but Mavor, though he prefaces his "Description" with an "Essay on Landscape Gardening," and says that "the *chef d'œuvre* of Brown was the improvements at Blenheim," gives no dates. The formation of the winding valley and its subsidiary combs into a lake-like river, and the grouping and disposition of the plantations on its sides and summit, was a fine conception cleverly executed. The edges of the water are not even now quite free from the artificial serpentine which spoiled so much of Brown's work; but time has realised much of that naturalness which Brown

rather clumsily aimed at, and the present generation is really indebted to the eighteenth century landscape gardener for this part of his performance. Unfortunately he did not stop here, but brought his "natural" methods right up to the walls of the house. Not only do drawings still preserved at Blenheim show that Vanbrugh planned out formal gardens, but we know that they made quicker progress than the house, so that, even in 1706, Godolphin is able to write to the Duke: "The garden is already very fine, and in perfect shape; the turf all laid and the first coat of the gravel; the greens high and thriving, and the hedges pretty well

and Reynolds might object to them "abruptly starting out of the ground without expectation or preparation," Brown did not; and he carried a grassy, banky slope straight up from the lake to the front door. Now once more the original idea prevails. A dignified *clairvoyée* and great gates follow the line of boundary drawn in the old plan, and the immense three-sided group of buildings stands up on terraces from the plat of the level forecourt. It is a thoroughly successful piece of work, and a remarkable proof of the good taste and loving care bestowed by the descendant of Duke John upon the noble and historic pile which still remains to remind us forcibly of the achievements of that great man. T.



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IN THE LONG GALLERY: LOOKING SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

grown." All this and much else was swept away, and it is only in recent days that the present Duke has gone back to the old lines and created the sunk and formal garden of parterres and knots which lies to the east of the house, is protected from the north by the buildings of the office court and the orangery, and may be quite well understood and appreciated by reference to the last three illustrations which accompany this article. On the north side also the present Duke has very rightly modified Brown's arrangement. The great entrance arch and segmented colonnade planned by Vanbrugh to enclose the forecourt can never have been carried out, but there can be no doubt that a flat and formal character and some enclosure were given to this feature essential to the due presentment and general grouping of the buildings. But though Vanbrugh

A CLUMP OF FIRS.

HIGHER than the wood and the patches of rough gorse, right on the top of the hill, stands a clump of tall firs. No other trees of any size or dignity are near, and not one lifts its head above the sky-line for many a mile. Not even a hedgerow climbs the steep to break in upon the isolation of this solitary group of pines, which stands like a gloomy sentinel keeping watch upon the landscape on both sides. It can be seen far away, even in a neighbouring county, and from everywhere within sight is a striking feature of the landscape. From a distance it has the appearance of some gigantic larva which has crawled out upon the middle of the hill on the very line of the ridge. So people have called it "The Caterpillar," and, indeed, it looks like one. Perhaps it may have been planted to serve as a landmark. It has been said that, early in the eighteenth century, Jacobite squires in the West sometimes planted Scotch firs as a way of expressing the loyalty which they dared not put into words; just as they passed the port over their finger-glasses and in silence drank to the toast, "Over the Water to Charlie." No such tradition or any other is associated with this clump of pines. Everybody knows them from afar, but few have even climbed the hill to look at them. Now and then during the summer there is a picnic party at "The Caterpillar," but that is all. You might sit on the dry ground carpeted with dead spines and sprinkled with cones all day long for a week without seeing a fellow-trespasser; and the keeper will rarely trouble to

walk so far to protect a spot which offers no temptation to any poacher more criminal than the pair of magpies that nest every year high up in the dark green head of one of the tallest and straightest of the trees. Only the lover of Nature is repaid for his hours of idleness, and nowhere does the wind play for him a finer symphony than as it sings among the twisted branches. Except on the stillest summer day there is always a breeze on the hill, and so the trees are rarely silent. Every spine is a tongue adding its voice to the unceasing chorus that swells and dies away with the rise and fall of the gale. And towards evening after a clear day, when the setting sun looks up from the western horizon, his last gleams brighten the tall stems into a finer red. Even the sombre green above takes an unwonted brightness, and the gilded edges of the ruddy limbs stand out against the patches of deep blue sky in the gaps between the

foliage. Then for half-an-hour the clump of firs is a very carnival of colour.

There are very few inhabitants of these pines. Wandering pigeons sometimes come when the weather is calm, and if undisturbed will rest on one of the branches for an hour together, as if enjoying the prospect. But they do not belong to the place, and prefer to nest in the high coppice or on one of the ivy-clad trees in the valley below. Last spring, for a short time a pair of kestrels frequented the place for a week or so, as if prospecting for an eligible site. However, they finally made choice of the wood about a mile away, and brought up their young in safety high up in one of the large trees. During the warm days of August and September they were constantly to be seen, a family party of seven, hawking for mice above the rough grass along the hilltop. The young were then scarcely to be distinguished from the parent birds, and appeared to be quite as strong and agile upon the wing. No doubt they still benefited from the superior skill of the old birds, though



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BLENHEIM: THE NEW FORMAL GARDEN.

"C.L."



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THE EAST END OF THE FORMAL GARDEN.

"C.L."

commences quite early in the spring, for the nest of the magpie is truly a wonderful edifice, and, like the castle of an old Norman baron, it is not merely a domestic building, but a fortification. On a sound foundation of good-sized sticks, strengthened with mud and clay, is a hollow bowl, plastered with mud and neatly upholstered with roots and coarse grass; around is a good defence of sharp thorns; and above, a dome of the same prickly nature. The entrance is left only large enough to admit the bird, and she sits with her head in this doorway quite ready to protect her eggs. So admirable is the whole structure that it has been made the subject of more than one bird legend.

In the beginning all the birds found great difficulty in building satisfactory nests, and they saw that the magpie alone was clever enough to construct one which answered its purpose in every way. They determined to wait on the magpie and ask for instruction in so important a matter. The magpie, by nature

I could never observe any instance of a family repast. They came there every day and would remain for hours, often stopping to hover with fluttering wings and then leisurely proceeding a short distance to hover again. Sometimes two or three at a time would hang suspended in mid-air. They very rarely dropped, but their continual presence must soon have made a scarcity of prey. The performance appeared to be more of an exercise than a serious effort to earn a living; but they brought an additional charm to the soft clear skies that were ripening the last of the harvest, until towards the end of September they ceased to come. But a pair of magpies have really made the clump of firs their home. The nest is almost hidden in the head of one of the tallest pines, and they have returned to it for several years. At any rate, it has not been untenanted since the firs have been familiar to me. Magpies are said to pair for life, but for birds with so many enemies there must be many matrimonial vicissitudes. However, attention to the necessary repairs



THE ORANGERY TERRACE IN THE FORMAL GARDEN, BLENHEIM.

vain and a bit of a chatterer, was pleased with the compliment and readily consented.

"You must first lay two sticks across and across like this," said the magpie.

"Ah," interrupted the crow, "I always knew that was the way to begin."

"Then you must lay some moss, or some clay, or——"

"To be sure," said the jackdaw. "I always knew that must be the next thing to do."

"You must place the sticks and the moss and the clay in this manner," the magpie continued, and proceeded to show exactly how the thing was to be done.

"Of course, everybody could tell how to do that," said the starling.

But the magpie, annoyed at this persistent belittlement of her art, screamed, angrily, "Then go and build your nests for yourselves!" Without another word she flew away. And that is how it happens that to this day no other tree-building bird is able to construct a nest with a dome.

Another version makes the magpie seek instruction of all the other birds, and she makes similar remarks as each bird gives the best advice it can. At last they fly away in disgust, leaving her only half-taught. That is how it is the magpie's nest looks so loose and rough. It has certainly a somewhat unfinished appearance, but that is due to the thorns and the light construction of the dome. The nest proper is as neat as any bird could wish to hatch a brood in.

Everywhere, except in Norway, a single magpie is considered a bad omen, and much folklore associates it with witchcraft and the Devil. In Germany and Scandinavia witches did not always take their nocturnal rides on broomsticks, but travelled more comfortably on the backs of magpies; and on Walpurgis Night they transformed themselves into those birds. But the magpie has always been in alliance with the Devil and drinks three drops of His Satanic Majesty's blood on every May morning. This accounts for the reprehensible behaviour of the bird on several important occasions. He absolutely refused to enter the ark with Noah, but saved himself from drowning by

perching on the roof, where he chattered during the universal catastrophe. He would only go into half-mourning at the time of the Crucifixion, and that is why he has been black and white ever since. The earliest endeavour of mankind was to propitiate the Devil, and a survival from that period of enlightenment still lingers in the habit of raising the hat to the Devil's bird. Defiance of the Evil One must have been a later development. It denotes a much higher spiritual condition, and may account for the habit of spitting three times over the left shoulder, still common in Devon, when a magpie happens to fly across a traveller's path. There is a doggerel associated with this practice:

Clean birds by sevens
Unclean by two
The dove in the heavens
Is the bird I choose.

But a safer way to avert misfortune is to cross the thumbs and say:

I cross the magpie as the magpie crosses me,
Bad luck to the magpie and good luck to me.

In spite of the safety from ill-luck ensured by these charms, if the bird be seen anywhere near the homestead, the farmer's maid who looks after the poultry takes care to lay a poisoned egg on the top of a rick or in some very open position. The magpie soon falls a victim, for he is fond of eggs. When feeding on the ground, no doubt he finds many a partridge's nest, and keepers kill him whenever they can. Thus of all birds that will venture near a dwelling the magpie is the most shy. Persecution has made him stealthy in his ways. Many a time have I put the bird off her nest in the clump of firs, only to watch the cleverness of her return. She will fly away right down to the gorse and on to the hedgerows, only to return a little later to her nesting-tree from the other side, and, taking advantage of whatever shelter the thick spines afford, she will do her best to creep back to her eggs unobserved. She is so watchful and her movements are so sly that she can manage it more often than would be believed. WALTER RAYMOND.

SPRING FASHIONS AMONG THE BIRDS.

THE advent of spring to the bird-lover is a time of entrancing interest, for in every direction his feathered favourites are displaying signs of that ecstasy which is to attain its culmination in parenthood. As a fitting prelude, a brightening up, at least, of the plumage

almost invariably takes place, and in not a few cases a new livery is donned, at any rate, among our British birds. The factors which induce these changes are as yet by no means understood, but it would seem that they have their origin in deep-seated physiological eruptions, so to speak, emanating from the sexual glands. They are, in short, stimulated by those strange and mysterious juices which are known as "hormones." But whatever the primary cause of these changes of raiment may be, it would seem that in the sequence of events we have the clue to the evolution of permanently resplendent plumage such as is worn by kingfishers, humming-birds and parrots, for example. Here, then, we have a fascinating problem, and it would seem that in the plover tribe, using the word in its widest sense so as to include the gulls, we have apparently within our reach the elemental facts in this evolutionary history.

A minute analysis of all the phases which this group presents would be impossible here, but, roughly, we may divide these birds into three sections: First—those which undergo no appreciable change of dress the year round, such as the curlew, Norfolk plover, snipe, woodcock, oyster-catcher and ringed plover, for example, secondly—

those in which the males only assume a decorative dress; and thirdly—those in which both sexes participate and are practically indistinguishable. Those in the first category are apparently divisible into (a) species which retain a primitive dull hue, e.g., curlew; and (b) those which have acquired

a permanently "decorative" dress, e.g., oyster-catcher and ringed plover. These, for the present, must be left. The ruff is obviously the most striking illustration of our second group. In this species the male, as everybody knows, undergoes a marvellous transformation as the spring advances. Discarding the sombre livery worn during the autumn and winter months, he dons a new and most resplendent habit, the most striking features of which are a great Elizabethan ruff and a pair of "ear-tufts," which can be raised or depressed at pleasure. Further, the feathers around the base of the bill are shed and replaced by a number of small wart-like bodies of a bright yellow colour. That this ruff is never of the same hue or pattern in any two individuals is common knowledge, but it is by no means so generally recognised that the coloration of the rest of the body is no less variable. Each bird, it may be remarked, reproduces, year after year, these same individual peculiarities. The part which this plumage plays in courtship is another story, and shall be told, with the Editor's permission, on another occasion. We are concerned now with another aspect of this subject, and must pass on to consider the species in our third category. The dunlin, grey and



BAR-TAILED GODWIT IN SUMMER DRESS.

golden plovers, knot and godwits illustrate this. These birds for the greater part of the year are content, as it were, to go very soberly clad, an ash-grey mantle and white waistcoat serving their purpose. But with the spring very striking changes take place. Rapidly shedding their Quaker-like garb, each dons a distinct and striking livery, which may be described in general terms as follows: The grey mantle of the dunlin—we use the term mantle not in the strict ornithological sense, but to include the whole of the upper parts—is exchanged for one of black, variegated with chestnut bordering on rust colour, save only the nape of the neck and the lower part of the back, which are grey. The throat and sides of the neck are greyish white, relieved by dusky streaks, while the breast is adorned with a black shield, set off by the pure white of the abdomen. The wing coverts, however, do not participate in the change. The grey and golden plovers similarly show a preference for black, in varying proportions. The former bird has the upper parts spangled with black and white, while the throat, sides of the neck and breast are of an inky black, but the abdomen is white. The golden plover is even more handsome, the upper parts being mottled with black, white and golden yellow, while the



RUFF SHOWING FRILL AND TIPPET.

sides of the head, throat and breast are jet black. To heighten the effect a broad band of white extends from the base of the beak backwards over the eye, down the sides of the neck and along the flanks. In this bird the abdomen, like the breast, is black, but the under-tail coverts are white. The knot, the pigmy curlew, sandpiper and the godwits stand in striking contrast to the species just described, since they show a marked preference for red in place of black. This is especially true of the bar-tailed godwit, which is a particularly handsome bird, having the head, neck and under parts of a rich chestnut red, while the back and wings are beautifully variegated with black, white and brown, the effect of which is heightened by the lower part of the back and tail, which are white barred with black. The larger, black-tailed, species is a much duller one, having white under parts barred on the breast with pale chestnut and dark brown. But long before the summer is over these nuptial garments are cast off, and the quiet hues of grey and white are again assumed.

And now, by way of contrast, let us take the case of the mallard, or, as some prefer to call it, the wild duck. Here what answers to the nuptial dress of the plover tribe is assumed during August and September, and by the male only; while the equivalent of the "winter" plumage of the plovers is seen in the "eclipse" plumage which he dons for some six weeks or so during the summer. And this is a fact which is commonly overlooked, this "eclipse" dress

being generally regarded as a specially protective device to secure safety during that period of helplessness when the annual moult of the quills takes place, these, as in all the anatidae and some other birds, being shed all at once, and so leaving the bird helpless against its enemies. This "eclipse" dress, it need hardly be remarked, is scarcely distinguishable from that of

the female, and, harmonising perfectly with the surrounding dead sedge, affords him the same measure of concealment as is shared by his mate when sitting. The retention of the brightly-coloured "nuptial" dress, on the other hand, would render him conspicuous by prowling enemies. Though this may well be so, it is nevertheless obvious that the "eclipse" plumage answers to the "winter" livery of the plovers. The fact that it is retained is probably because of its utility. But for this it would, we may assume, have been eliminated altogether. Thus it would seem that "summer" and "winter" plumages must be regarded in a new light. That is to say, when we come to take a wider and more general survey of the facts concerning the evolution of brightly-coloured liveries, we find that these appear first in the males, and take the form of nuptial liveries, which are retained for longer and longer periods and finally become the permanent dress of the male. The black-cock, the jungle-fowl and the partridge are good illustrations of this, for in these birds head and neck annually assume the duller hues of the females, but only for a few weeks. In the pheasant this last trace of an older dull-hued dress has completely vanished.

In many species the next stage in advance is seen when the females assume the same garb as the male, or one only slightly duller, while the older dress is worn for a few months by the young, as in the case of the robin and the starling. Finally, the young also lose the dull dress, and from the first assume the livery of their parents, as in the kingfisher. Yet many passerine birds appear to assume a nuptial dress as striking in contrast to that worn during the autumn and winter months as any to be met with among the plovers. The linnet affords a case in point, for not till the spring does the male appear in that wonderful rose pink waistcoat which is so familiar to all of us. But this transformation is effected not by a moult, but by shedding the barbules of the feathers! It is really his old waist-

coat worn threadbare! Similarly the grey pate and black throat of Philip Sparrow and the more beautiful liveries of the brambling and snow-bunting are wrought out of garments worn threadbare by shedding the tips of the feathers. The change, in this latter case, is effected in this wise. At the autumn moult all the feathers have long, dull-hued fringes of grey or brown, as the case may be; and these fringes, as the spring approaches, are gradually shed; but whether by sheer wear and tear, or by some mysterious process of autotomy is unknown. But from whatever



REEVE.



RUFF IN SUMMER DRESS (BARRED TYPE).

cause, it is the more excellent plan, for thereby the debilitating effects of a moult are avoided. The red breast of the linnæ, as we have remarked, is gained by a similar shedding of portions of



BLACK-HEADED GULL IN WINTER DRESS.

the feathers, but here the barbules, which are grey, drop off, exposing the barbs, which are red.

The facts herein set down are but a few of the more striking selected from among thousands; but from the whole of the evidence available the following conclusion seems justified. Briefly, we may take it that the development of resplendent plumage of whatever kind follows a definite line of evolution, on lines precisely similar to those obtaining with regard to the evolution of more deep-seated characters. Thus, we may assume that in all cases this concentration of colour is due to the segregation of pigments from causes at present beyond our ken. Beginning as a "variation," with a slight increase of brilliancy in a primitively drab-coloured plumage, this variation, like all others, tends naturally to go on increasing, unless, and until, checked by the operation of Nature's sumptuary laws—natural selection. Commencing with the males, it is later transmitted to the females and finally to the young. Wherever, and whenever, this turn of the tide takes place, it is, as it were, carried

on by its own impetus, and sometimes, as in the case of the peacock, takes exaggerated forms. So long as this development does not render the subject thereof more conspicuous to its enemies, or interfere with its powers of escape therefrom by checking activity, it is free to go on until a maximum has been attained. The long tail of the wydah bird, the train of the peacock, the huge wings of the Argus pheasant are all forms of ornament which would be impossible to birds constantly exposed to the attacks of predatory animals; and, similarly, brilliant colours are denied to the females of species which have to nest in exposed situations. Why the curlew should retain a plumage of sober hues and why the ruff and the godwit should have developed



BLACK-HEADED GULL IN SUMMER DRESS.

such fine apparel are mysteries we cannot solve as yet, but the facts are none the less interesting, and may well provide food for reflection.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A READING of Professor Bradley's *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* (Macmillan) raises a very practical question. What definite purpose ought a professor of poetry to set before him: when he delivers a lecture to students on poetry, and in the end how can the result be tested? The opinion will, we think, be very generally shared, that even those students who have been particularly attracted to lectures emerge from the University with very little real interest in poetry. What they do know is the "right thing" to say about the more or less eminent men who have written verses. We take it that this partly comes from conversation among themselves and partly by reading books of criticism, such as the one before us, in which opinions are freely and positively expressed. It is not altogether easy to establish this verdict, because the evidence that we have to go on is more or less indirect, but there are one or two simple tests which can be applied. It is well known that a great part of the serious criticism of poetry done in the better class of newspaper comes from those who have not long emerged from the University. Very few men are content to remain critics, and, as they mount upwards on their career, they naturally cease to write articles. The reviews, therefore, may be taken as a rule to represent the opinions of newly-fledged students. From a prolonged study of them we draw two conclusions, the first of which is that by reading, listening to lectures and engaging in conversation the student as a rule does get hold of a fairly just idea of the merits of the chief writers of poetry. The second conclusion is that this idea is second-hand and therefore almost worthless. Anybody with only a moderate education can speak or write in an abstract way about poetry and poets. Some hundreds of University Extension Lecturers are doing so every day. The fallacy under which teachers generally labour—whether they happen to be professors at Oxford or engaged in elementary schools—is that the business of pedagogy is to impart knowledge. It is nothing of the kind. It is to stimulate thought and, as far as poetry is concerned, to lead to a more vivid and living appreciation of what is good and a discernment between what Goethe called the voices and the echoes. Now, some of these critics to whom we have referred are easily able to cloak their blindness to merit while they are writing in general terms; but let them quote and the weakness is displayed at once. It is a well-grounded complaint of authors that the amiable but undiscerning critic in his attempt at praise often quotes the weakest

as the strongest. It would be extremely interesting to take the audience that Professor Bradley is in the habit of addressing, and submit to each of them twenty entirely new poems, of which they have not seen a line before, and of whose authors they are entirely ignorant. Then let them choose out the three best. He who could do that knows more of poetry than twenty of those who can hold forth for hours in the manner begotten of present methods. In all this we are not blaming Professor Bradley, whose writing is often illuminating and always full of thought, but we confess that these reflections arose from the perusal of his pages. The first paper in the volume will serve to illustrate what we mean. It is called "Poetry for Poetry's Sake," and is lacking neither in learning nor acuteness. Yet it reminds us of nothing so much as a dream picture of phantoms fighting in a clouded air. The truth of the matter is that poetry, like the Kingdom of God, is within you. It is best arrived at by studying its negative. Tennyson thought that the prosiest line that ever Wordsworth wrote was—"A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman." There you have a statement of a bare fact without vision and without imagination. Prose is a point of view, or rather its limitation. We remember once, in one of the most beautiful Corn Exchanges in England, happening to remark to a well-known man what a fine building it was. "Yes," was the reply, "it's a fine building; I've took a lot of money here." There was the prose attitude epitomised. To the materially-minded, the figures and personalities that move about in this world are merely so many sources whence money is "took." It would be easy to illustrate by a thousand examples from daily life the manner in which individuals look at public events—those that have a world-wide importance as well as those that occur in their own parish—merely with the view of ascertaining what effect they will produce on their own fortunes. The essence of the poetic nature is disinterestedness. The poet loves life for life's sake. Poetry for poetry's sake smells of the study. A Shakespeare, with his human, far-seeing eyes, watches apparently with equal delight the life of the tavern and the life of the housefly on its walls. The economy of the bee interests him as much as what is done on the Rialto. He describes the shape and movements of a fine horse as lovingly as he portrays the figure of a Juliet. He is interested in them all for their own sake—he is disinterested. Such a man need not necessarily be concerned in the slightest degree with written poetry; in the running brook and in the cloud, in the wind and in the wave he may find more than ever

has been represented by the poet, while life in all its manifestations is to him a drama more fascinating than any which imagination has conceived. For the *dramatis personæ* are his familiar friends; he follows their fortunes as if they were his own, while nothing to him is simply a figure, not even the labourer and his horse on the edge of the horizon. The object of teachers, then, should in the first place be to produce and develop this habit of mind. Wordsworth has described this attitude in a passage quoted by Professor Bradley:

Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
Life turned the meanest of her implements,
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
Her chamber-window did surpass in glory
The portals of the dawn; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him—pathway, walks,
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
Surcharged within him, overblest to move
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares;
A man too happy for mortality!

Something very like the antithesis of it may be found in the paper on "The Rejection of Falstaff." The analysis of Shakespeare's fun is a very sad piece of reading. The seriousness in which the poet's high spirits are taken leaves us speechless with the sense of futility. We cannot imagine anybody who reads Falstaff after this lecture doing so on the principle of poetry for poetry's sake. The ingenuity of the professor teases the material into something it was never meant to be. The best of the lectures is the one on Wordsworth. The text on which it is written is found in the poet's letter to Lady Beaumont:

Never forget what, I believe, was observed to you by Coleridge, that every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great or original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished; he must teach the art by which he is to be seen. . . . My ears are stoned to this idle buzz, and my flesh as insensible as iron to these petty stings.

Professor Bradley says there have been greater poets than Wordsworth, but none more original. Yet this originality was not like that of Blake, for instance—a peculiar way of looking at things. It came simply from the man's absolute honesty and his determination to be what he was and to be nothing more, nothing less. Wordsworth is probably the most sincere of poets: when he is dull or when he is inspired he is always, at least, saying exactly what he feels and thinks.

A CRITICISM OF FRANCE.

France of the French, by Edward Harrison Barker. (Pitman.)

WITH few exceptions, it must be admitted that French books on England have contained keener, fairer and more sympathetic criticism than has been the case with English comments on the French. The Englishman is so much a creature of habits, even when engaged on the most distant and desperate of explorations, and his habits are so intimately bound up with what he considers to be the first principles of civilised comfort, that he is apt to vow a whole country to perdition if it does not supply him with eggs and bacon for breakfast, or if he finds a flea in one of its beds. To quote an instance which came under the writer's personal observation: During the *opéra-bouffe* war which took place a decade ago between Greece and Turkey, not a few Englishmen went out full of enthusiasm and scraps of Homer to serve as volunteers under the Greek flag. Few of them had a kind thing to say about the Greeks when they came back. One had entirely changed his opinion as to the merits of the Greek cause because in a certain distant frontier town of Greek Epirus the billiard cues were made of bamboo, while another was immeasurably disgusted at the total dearth throughout the country of English mustard, minus which it was entirely out of the question to eat the native ham. The Frenchman, on the contrary, views the Englishman's eggs and bacon, and the other special productions of Great Britain, with respectful curiosity, but never with contempt or wrath. The more he may dislike them, the more greatly will they excite his wonder, and in the French language there is between "wonder" and "admiration" a certain community of significance of which the Englishman gets all the benefit. Oddly enough, the English, until within quite recent years, have bitterly resented descriptions of themselves, however true and impartial they may have been, when emanating from a French source. Those who doubt this have only to refer back to the storm of public indignation which was aroused at the beginning of the last century by "Quirze Jours à Londres," subsequently developed into "Londres et ses Habitants," by A. Dufaücomprat, an account of contemporary English manners, which to the modern reader seems to be not only quite courtly and good-humoured, but precious as a record, for every line of it bears the obvious impress of close and truthful observation. Prince von Pückler-Muskau's sketches of England met the same fate with as little justice. Mr. Edward Harrison Barker has long been known to many as an illustrious wayfarer, worthy to rank with Arthur Young and George Borrow. To the making of this kind of tramp great qualities are needed, chief among them being a power of keen observation, especially of minute things, and a breezy independence of mind, as free from preconceptions, or banality of thought, as the sturdy wayside vagabond himself is free from the conventions of the town. Of these qualities, partly natural and partly acquired by constant and affectionate communing with the shy existences that dwell in the open air, Mr. Barker shows himself to be possessed in a remarkable degree, simple and exquisitely cut, coloured and perfumed as delicately as a

wild flower. For thirty years he has lived in close touch with the French temperament and French life, and probably no man living is better equipped to tell us, with wide vision and all-embracing sympathy, what is France of the French. In England there has grown up of late years a deplorable tendency, which seems to have drawn its inspiration from America, to take the prominent men of any given country at the most exaggerated estimate of their worth that those of their own compatriots who are their disciples or admirers may entertain of them. This has notably happened in respect of M. Anatole France and M. Maurice Barrès. How wisely Mr. Barker says of M. Anatole France that "his dilettantism, stripped of its literary ornaments, is surely one of the most forlorn and naked of beggars"; while it is equally true of M. Barrès that his "analytical psychology is apt to be tedious and obscure," and that Paul Bourget "is superior to him in literary earnestness." Then, while recognising that Zola had great powers of imagination, Mr. Barker most opportunely reminds his English readers that Zola must not be judged from the point of view of political prejudice, and so placed upon a literary pinnacle which he has done nothing to deserve, but that "he worked with the muck-rake with a sort of grim frenzy, without any moderating sense such as belongs to the just perception of human incongruities. Therefore, his pictures are full of false tones."

Mr. Barker warmly praises the undeniably great qualities of the average Frenchwoman, who in England has so long been unjustly accused of frivolity. "Her distinguishing quality," says Mr. Barker, "is her commonsense. . . . What is a frivolous woman? Assuredly one who neglects her home and her children for her own pleasure and amusement. . . . No description could be less applicable to the typical Frenchwoman." And Mr. Barker shows her to us prudent, careful and foreseeing. "In a multitude of small businesses in France the woman plays the leading part, although her husband may have his name over the door. His zeal to increase the savings is less keen than hers, and at certain hours he feels irresistibly drawn to his café, where a friend or two in like circumstances as his own may be expecting him to join them in a game of manille or piquet, while she, the wife, sits enthroned at the counter with an eye equally vigilant for customer and assistant. How many a Frenchman has been saved from financial disaster by his business-like wife!"

ROWLAND STRONG.

PINES IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

'Illustrations of Conifers, by H. Clinton-Baker, Vol. I. (Privately printed.)

ONE of the most encouraging phases of the modern love of gardening is the rapidly spreading interest which owners of country estates take in their trees. This is not merely a love for the old oaks, the immemorial elms, the umbrageous beeches of the ancestral domain. That feeling, happily, has never been lacking. It is something more. It is an increasing appreciation for, and knowledge of, that marvellous wealth of exotic hardy trees with which English enterprise, more than that of any other nation, has enriched and beautified the gardens and parks of Europe. We have before us one most pleasing evidence of this in the shape of a quarto volume on coniferous trees, by Mr. H. Clinton-Baker of Bayfordbury. It is the first part of a work which is to consist of two volumes. Mr. Clinton-Baker is the fortunate owner of one of the most interesting and complete collections of conifers in the South of England; the genesis of the collection dates back to 1765. Its foundation on a scientific basis was laid by William Robert Baker in 1837; and by his grandson, the author of the present work, it has been made as complete in species as is possible in the Hertfordshire climate. The collection is, in consequence, notable not only for the splendid development of its individual examples, but equally so for its comprehensiveness. The cedars of Lebanon at Bayfordbury, planted in 1765, are some of the noblest in the British Isles. Mr. Clinton-Baker tells us that the difficulty he experienced in identifying his trees from published descriptions (and who of us has not felt their inadequacy?) induced him to attempt a work which should show, by life-size illustrations reproduced from photographs, the cones and characteristic foliage of all conifers growing in the British Isles. This project is now happily accomplished. The work fills a distinct gap in tree-lore. The literature on conifers already in existence, excellent and comprehensive as it is, is either scattered through various periodicals, or, in the case of works exclusively devoted to the subject, is but indifferently supported with illustrations. This latter defect Mr. Clinton-Baker has remedied. The pictures he gives us—taken whenever possible from specimens growing in this country—are of natural size and admirably reproduced. So far as cones and foliage are concerned, we have now available in one work a virtually complete gallery of portraits of conifers capable of being grown in the British Isles. In this volume the pines, cedars and tsugas are dealt with, and the arrangement is alphabetical. The pictures are accompanied by a short but clear and concise description of each species—its trunk, branches, foliage, buds and cones. Interesting information as to its history, geographical distribution, the economic value of its timber, etc., is also supplied. In his introductory notes Mr. Clinton-Baker gives a memoir of the Bayfordbury pinetum. A preface is supplied by Mr. A. Henry, to which the only objection we have to offer is against the use of the term "Japanese Douglas." This does not, as one might suppose, refer to the legendary antagonist of some Asiatic Percy, nor to a Scotchman domiciled in Japan; it is a proposed popular name for an ally of the Douglas Fir, recently introduced from Japan. We always advocate as much as possible the adoption of popular names, provided they are suitable and appropriate; but we protest against such a solecism as this—a curious compound of Japanese, Scotch, and West American.

NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

The Dictionary of National Biography, edited by Sidney Lee, Vol. XV. (Smith Elder and Co.)

THE fifteenth volume of the Dictionary of National Biography includes the names from Owens to Pockrich. It is interesting to note that the holder of the latter name among other delightful achievements invented the musical glasses. He lost his money by planting vineyards and

reclaiming Irish bogs. Among his other schemes was one to supply men-of-war with tin boats which would not sink, to secure immortality by the transfusion of blood, and to provide human beings with wings. He bought some thousands of acres of poor land in Wicklow and started to breed geese on a large scale, and was for a time proprietor of a brewery. Towards the end of his life, when all these bubbles had burst, he tried to obtain the post of chapel-master at Armagh. In 1745 he married a wife with an income of £200 a year. Mr. Poekrich, therefore, must have lived a very full and amusing life. Among the very interesting families dealt with in this volume are the Pattersons, various branches of which have produced eminent men, the Palmers, Pelhams, Peases, Penroses, Phillips, Primroses, and Pitts; but in addition to these there are many out-of-the-way biographies, like that of Sir Horatio Palavicino, who lived at Babraham and was the subject of a piece

of amusing verse, which we had occasion to quote in these pages many years ago. Among the more serious biographies must be counted that of Charles Stewart Parnell.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Studies in Wives, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Heinemann.)
Starbrace, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. (G. Bell and Sons.)
The Condition of England, by C. F. G. Masterman. (Methuen.)
The Gay Paradises, by Mrs. Stephen Batson. (Stanley Paul and Co.)
English Costume, by George Clinch. (Methuen.)
Twenty-five Years' Soldiering in South Africa, by a Colonial Officer. (Melrose.)

[“NOVELS OF THE WEEK” ARE REVIEWED ON PAGE 8XXII.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

I HAD ventured to say, in opposition to the common opinion, that the new regulation limiting the right of entry for the amateur championship to those who were at scratch or at some penalised figure on the handicap list would not reduce the number of competitors very appreciably. The entry list at Muirfield bears out that view. It contained about 170 names. We have had in this list before a maximum entry of just over the 200. That is to say, the present is less by thirty than the record greatest number. How far this reduction is due to the new regulation is an open question, but, however that be, it is a reduction of no importance. It makes no difference in the length of time which the competition occupies. The affair is arranged on what is called the Bagnall-Wild system, which means that all byes come in the first round, being drawn against blanks put in to fill up the numbers, so that all shall work out to a finish without a bye in the subsequent rounds; therefore it makes no difference in the length of time and the number of the heats what difference there may be in the number of the entries between 128 and 256. If they fall below that number, we get off with a heat the less; if they rise above it, we have a heat the more. Between the two the numbers make no difference, and the new regulation will certainly not affect the entries to that extent. However, its effect must be for good, in keeping out the “rabbits.”

THE EARLY HEATS.

We ought long ago to have become impervious to any sentiment of surprise about anything that may happen in the amateur championship, but, if we are still susceptible of that childish emotion, we might be permitted to feel it at the knock-out in the first round of Mr. John Ball by Mr. Grant of Dornoch. Mr. Ball had a poor meeting of it altogether: beaten by a record maximum of holes by Mr. Maxwell in the International match and then put out in the first tie by a man comparatively unknown to fame. Mr. Grant himself survived only to be sent to join the great majority by Captain Hutchison in the next round. The doings of Mr. W. A. Henderson in the early heats are worthy of more than a little comment—knocking out first the American champion, Mr. Travers, and then Mr. Whitecross, the local “crack” of the Dirleton Castle Club. Against Mr. Angus Hambro, whom he beat, Mr. Whitecross did something like conjuring tricks in the way of laying mashie shots dead, and even holing with his mashie, towards the end of the round, and he repeated these performances against Mr. Henderson; but the soldier paid him back in the like kind of miracles and would not be beaten. Nevertheless, in the gloom and pelting rain of Tuesday evening, at 8.30 p.m., Mr. Henderson was beaten by Mr. Darwin—after a terrible match—at the twentieth hole. Mr. John Sutherland of Dornoch went well, beating Mr. Colt and Mr. Jenkins successively. Mr. Martin Smith turned the tables on Mr. Edward Blackwell, who had beaten him in the International match, by defeating him rather easily. Mr. Laidlay in his first match had to go to the twenty-first hole before he could beat Mr. J. Brown. Mr. Maxwell encountered no opposition he could not meet. And so, very wet and hungry, the last of Tuesday's players got home to an exceedingly late dinner.

THE PLAY OF WEDNESDAY.

Wednesday, at Muirfield, no doubt made amends, to those who lived to enjoy its fine breezy weather, for the wretchedness of Tuesday. Mr. Maxwell lived through these heats, beating Mr. Laidlay very easily in the afternoon, but being hard pressed right up to the last hole by Mr. Fowler in the morning. Mr. Darwin avenged me on Mr. Gordon Lockhart, and then beat Mr. Taylor, who had won a gallant match in the morning from Mr. Simpson, after being three down and seven to play. Captain Hutchison and Mr. Graham survived this day with little trouble, and the chief comments of the critics on the tournament at this stage were that the former was playing the most faultless golf of the meeting and that Mr. Maxwell was showing a disposition to be “worried” and miss putts, in spite of his great power at Muirfield, if he was hard held. It was also to be noted that Mr. Wilkie had been “going very strong,” though his game had been paid less notice than its due. In the afternoon he put out Mr. Sutherland, who in the morning's round had beaten Mr. Hilton, in a very hard match, at the nineteenth hole.

THURSDAY'S PLAY.

The first round on Thursday morning is rather a trying one, and the prospect of a bronze medal does not always have a beneficial effect on the play of the last eight left in. On this occasion, however, not only were the games close, but the play was extremely good, perhaps the best being in the match between Mr. Andrew and Mr. Norman Hunter. A prodigious number of holes were halved in succession in the middle of the round—an almost unerring sign of good golf—and Mr. Hunter, after having none the best of the luck, was beaten at the last hole. Mr. Maxwell won with a fair amount of comfort from Mr. Balfour Melville, but Captain Hutchison and Mr. Darwin only just got home against

Mr. Graham and Mr. Wilkie respectively. The semi-finals in the afternoon were not so close. Mr. Andrew went off his putting, being unable to gauge the pace of the greens, which were drying rapidly; and Captain Hutchison, playing another good round, won at the sixteenth. Mr. Maxwell beat Mr. Darwin at the same hole, but not without experiencing some anxious moments at the beginning. Mr. Darwin began playing very well, and won the first two holes; then, after a half at the third, Mr. Maxwell was a little lucky to make a losing hazard off his opponent's ball. The moral effect of this incident was considerable. From that moment Mr. Maxwell's golf was practically faultless, and his score for the sixteen holes was but one over an average of fours; moreover, he had begun with a five at the first hole, which should be done in three.

THE FINAL.

It would not be too much to say that the final was the best that has yet been seen. The great match between Mr. Ball and Mr. Tait at Prestwick was as exciting, but the golf was hardly so uniformly good. Both Mr. Maxwell and Captain Hutchison were wonderfully steady and accurate, and the play had something of the machine-like qualities of a professional exhibition match. The putting, which is not always good on these nerve-testing occasions, was admirable. Captain Hutchison holed more long ones, but Mr. Maxwell was constantly gaining a slight advantage by laying his long putts so near the hole as to have no holing out to do—an invaluable saving of mental agony. When Captain Hutchison stood one up with two to play and hit a perfect tee shot to the seventeenth hole, it really appeared that Mr. Maxwell, invincible on his own course, would for once be beaten. He rose manfully to the occasion, however, and played the most perfect approach shot imaginable, having driven to the exact spot whence the hole could be got at most easily. Captain Hutchison's little chip at the last hole was not too well treated, and he was left with a nasty putt. He missed it, and Mr. Maxwell just holed a rather shorter one. It was a great finish by Mr. Maxwell and well deserved a championship; but a full measure of sympathy is owing to Captain Hutchison, who, after being two down at lunchtime, played with equal pluck and skill.

PROFESSIONALS AT ROMFORD.

If it were possible to take one's eye off the ball at Muirfield, a glance might be thrown at Romford, where Braid and Massy (it is Braid's old home green) had the better of Vardon and Taylor all through, and won by three and one. In the afternoon the play on both sides was faultless. In the early part of the match the English pair made some few errors by which the Scot and the Frenchman profited to gain just the lead by which they won. Massy's play is described as being very perfect, and the best of the match.

THE ROTA.

“The play's the thing,” and never was there better evidence of this than the complete calm with which the decision of the delegates on the rota question was received at Muirfield. The delegates held their meeting in a room in the club-house and those outside could see them through the window in the very act of making some momentous decision, and yet the fact remains that the play was the centre of interest, and the rota decision was awaited with equanimity bordering upon indifference. As the result of the meeting, the Associated Clubs are not going to commit suicide in favour of the Royal and Ancient and the rota is not going to be abolished. When the time drew near nobody really seemed to think that either of these things would happen. What did happen was that the proposal of the Tantallon Club was accepted, which was that the present rota be retained and that a new green be added in every sixth year, to be selected by the delegates a year in advance. So Ireland still has a chance of having her grievances redressed if she can persuade the Special Committee to report favourably on one of her courses. One very satisfactory thing is the announcement that the claims of no inland course will be considered; nothing can quite make up for the want of the sea.

DEAL.

Next week Deal is, for the first time, on its trial as a championship course, and, though opinions may and will differ as to the exact degree of its merits, there is little doubt that it will come out of the ordeal very creditably. It is an eminently fair course; it cannot be called tricky or fluky, and it thoroughly repays sound and powerful golf. Moreover, the greens are as good as are to be found anywhere, a fact which may make putting play an even larger part than usual in the destination of the championship. Of those outside the first three or four Tom Ball is probably the best putter, and he might well be very dangerous. Massy is another beautiful putter, and he is apparently in his best form. He has played two historic matches at Deal, one of which was a triumph, for he beat Braid after being a good many holes down; the other was a veritable *débâcle*, for he lost a whole pocketful of holes to Harry Vardon and missed the largest number of the shortest putts on record. Good as Massy is and good as are Vardon and Taylor and many more besides, there is only one favorite for the

championship, and that is Braid. He may not win his fifth championship, but he will take a great deal of stopping; if only he was still a bad putter there would always be hope for the other side, but he is such a detestably good one. It is to be hoped that Mr. Maxwell will play, for he is full of golf just now, and one wishes, too, that Mr. Beveridge could find time; he has just been giving people something to beat by going round Deal in 71, a truly splendid score.

CHAMPIONSHIP REFLECTIONS.

MUIRFIELD has its detractors; especially were they numerous on those wonderfully hot, still days just before the championship, when the player constantly had his mashie in his hand for his second shot, and the golf did, in truth, seem rather easy. Nevertheless, Muirfield has one very good answer to any carping

critics, and that is that the test of golf provided was at least good enough to bring the right man out at the top of the list. It is not unfair to Captain Hutchinson, who played the most splendid golf and deserved a gold medal if anyone ever did, to say that over the links of Muirfield Mr. Maxwell is, without doubt, the finest amateur golfer. He is very good anywhere, but he is particularly and terribly good there, and if the tournament always took place at Muirfield there would be a monotony about the result of it. It suits his game to perfection, for he is a master of every form of shot in which the ball is played right on to the green, and sits down with but little life in it when it gets there. Then too he knows it with a knowledge born of years of play over it; a casual observer might think that it is a course that can be learnt easily, but he will alter his opinion when he comes to play Mr. Maxwell over it. Other people's approach shots reach the green, but they are left with a difficult problem in the matter of getting down in two putts; Mr. Maxwell's approaching leaves him but one anxiety—will he get his three or be content with a four? The greens again want a great deal of knowing; they vary in pace and they vary in appearance, and the appearance is often a poor clue to the pace. Thus the second and third greens are very fast, but they also look fast, and the player instinctively handles his putter delicately, not to say timidly. That is comparatively simple; but there are other greens—the seventh and ninth are good instances—which look rather rough and agricultural in character and are in reality even as “greased lightning.” It seems as if one must grip the club firmly and give the ball a good solid blow, and behold it flies light-heartedly away and races out of holing. To be sure, the experience of a day or two should teach one these facts; but this kind of knowledge takes a long time to soak in thoroughly, and it is better to do things through instinct than through elaborate mental processes. Mr. Maxwell is, of course, a magnificent putter anywhere; there are very few who keep the club going so beautifully straight upon the line of the putt; on greens where he might almost play blindfolded he becomes irresistible.

The difficulties of Muirfield are far from lying entirely in the approaching and putting, for in the matter of tee shots it is as rigorous a test as need be. It is really very narrow indeed, and, had there been a strong wind blowing, people would have

realised that narrowness to the full. Those who play on some of the courses near London—Sunningdale, Walton Heath and others of the same type—as a rule rather pride themselves upon being brought up in a narrow school, so that when they come to seaside courses they speak a little contemptuously of having a whole parish to drive into. The fairway at Muirfield is, however, probably narrower than on any of these inland courses, and the rough for the most part quite as severe; the nervous strain entailed by the tee shot is perhaps greater than on any other course.

Not only did Muirfield bring the right two players into the final, and those two Scotsmen, but it brought seven of that redoubtable race into the last eight. The one poor English ewe lamb among the seven ravaging Scottish wolves succeeded in struggling one step further

before he succumbed; but altogether it was a bad business for England. There is no doubt about it that Scotland has the best of it just now; the International match proved that, and if the number of players in that match were increased, the magnitude of England's defeat would be increased also. It is presumably a fact that there are more people who play golf in England than in Scotland, but there are certainly not so many golfers. Scotland has the advantage of the services of a type of player which is practically non-existent in England—namely, the artisan golfer—and a very fine golfer he is. His opportunity only comes in such years as the championship is played reasonably near his home, and he generally makes good use of it. Indeed, on the second day, when Mr. Grant from Dornoch beat Mr. John Ball at the last hole and Mr. Guy Campbell fell with surprising ease before Mr. Livingston of the Bass Rock Club, while on the day before Mr. Whitecross had put out Mr. Angus Hambro, it seemed as if these players of local reputation were going to carry all before them. Lack of experience of protracted tournaments is, however, bound to tell, and they did not last through to the end, although they did enough for honour and glory. Mr. Grant is clearly a very fine player with plenty of power and a fine controlled style, while Mr. Whitecross's beautiful pitching was one of the features of the meeting.

The Scottish artisan golfer has nearly always a charming and graceful style, and, indeed, in this matter of style the Scottish golfers are, on the whole, far ahead of the English; a natural and easy swing is the heritage of those bred on Scottish courses, but to acquire it in England still requires a happy accident. Plenty of English boys are now beginning golf at the proper age, but something more than that seems to be wanted for the acquisition of the proper style. It would seem that the latter cannot be learnt in its perfection inland, where most English golf is played, but must be breathed in with the sea breezes. To take an example, anyone who watched this year's Oxford and Cambridge match and contrasted the majority of the styles there seen with those of the young Scottish artisan players at Muirfield, would draw comparisons very much in favour of the latter. As far as this championship goes, at any rate, the young English golfer does not seem to be quite coming on as he ought.



MR. R. MAXWELL.

MINORU'S DERBY.

THE story of the Derby may be soon told. Singularly smooth and light in his action, Minoru was much admired in the preliminary canter, and of the others Bayardo was about the most taking mover. Once under

The Mile Post reached, Brooklands had played his part; Louviers had to take up the running himself, Sir Martin and Minoru being close on his heels, followed by William the Fourth, Bayardo and Valens. Making the turn for Tattenham Corner, Louviers ran wide, and instantly Jones dashed Minoru into the opening, thereby getting the rails and, probably, the race



C. J. Waters.

MINORU GETS THE RAILS.

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Mr. Willoughby's orders, there was little delay and, indeed, five minutes after the advertised time the barrier was withdrawn and the great race had begun. Brooklands at once went to the front in his capacity of pacemaker for Louviers, by whom he was closely followed, in hot pursuit of them being Sir Martin and Minoru, with Bayardo, Valens and Phaleron following on.

as well. Brought in again by Stern, Louviers may or may not have actually touched Sir Martin. As to this accounts differ; but either because he crossed his legs, or because, as one rider in the race declares, his off fore leg struck into the heels of the horse in front of him, the American colt blundered on to his head and knees, interfering with William the Fourth and, still



W. A. Kouch.

MINORU: H. JONES UP.

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more so, with Bayardo. Martin, the rider of Mr. L. Winans's colt, lay unconscious on the ground and the hurrying field swept on.

A roar from the crowd as the horses entered the straight proclaimed that Minoru had got the lead, but there was desperate fighting to come. Louviers was battling on, Valens was within striking distance, William the Fourth, splendidly ridden by Higgs, had got his balance again and was sweeping on with giant strides. Electric Boy was not yet done with. Halfway up the straight Louviers drew nearly level, William the Fourth was closing up, and Wootton on Valens was looking anxiously for an opening.

But the advantage, slight as it was, lay with Minoru, and amid a storm of cheering the horses sped towards the goal. Ride as Jones would, and gamely though Minoru answered

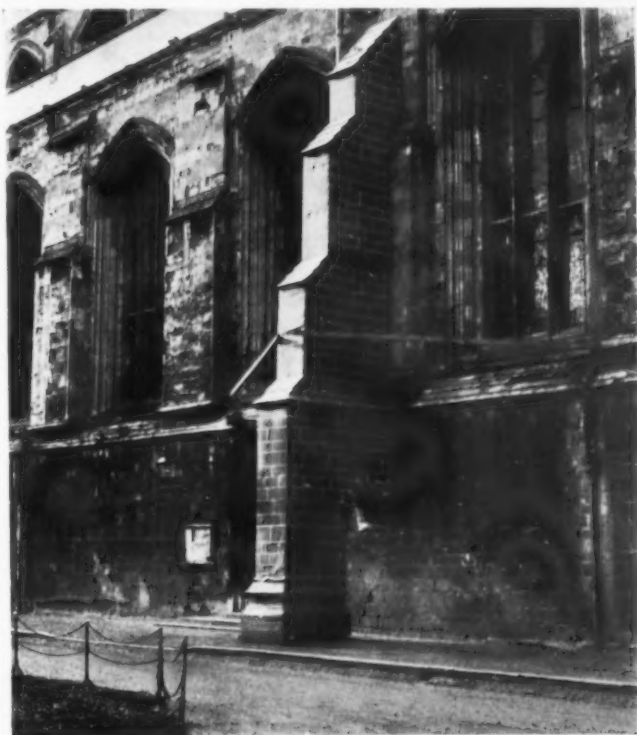
to his call, not another inch could he gain. Stride for stride did Stern and Louviers stick to him; to many of us it seemed as though, after all, Mr. Raphael's colt had actually worried his way to victory; nor did the tremendous volume of cheering which rolled all round the vast race-course as the horses passed the winning-post relieve us of suspense until the hoisting of the numbers set it beyond all doubt that the King had won. But it was only by a head that Minoru had kept his grim antagonist at bay, and it was only by a neck that Louviers had won the second place from William the Fourth, while Valens was but a head behind Lord Michelham's colt; and so far ahead of all the rest were these four that Bayardo, who finished fifth, was just passing the number board when they had passed the winning-post.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SAFETY OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Thanks to the admirable engineering of Mr. Fox, whose system of under-pinning and grouting has been warmly approved of in *COUNTRY LIFE*, the whole of Winchester Cathedral, east of the central tower, may now be deemed safe. But west of that point much must yet be done to eliminate danger, for the outer walls of both the nave-aisles are seriously out of the perpendicular. There is an uninterrupted crack running from end to end of their vaulting described as "wide enough to put your arm in," and unfortunately Mr. Fox finds that the crack has sensibly widened since he first examined it, showing that the walls are still on the move outwards. This is not a matter of foundation weakness so much as of thrust, and therefore under-pinning is an insufficient remedy. What then is to be done? One suggestion is to put in tie rods from the outer side of the aisle wall to the inner side of the nave walls; but this would put a most undesirable strain on the latter. If the tie rods could be continuous right through from north to south safety would be ensured, but the appearance of the nave would be ruined, as the rods would have to go across it at half height. If they ran up at an angle under the aisle roofs and over the nave vaulting they would be of little use, and might, under pressure, stretch and splay. Tie rods, therefore, such as have been effectively used for the transepts, will not answer for the aisles, and hence far-projecting buttresses are suggested. They already exist on the north side, William of Wykeham having foreseen that his vaulting would produce a thrust which the flat Norman buttresses would be unable to countervail. Unfortunately, he did not give them the same deep and adequate foundation as his Norman predecessors had used for the wall, and it is now discovered that they are not propping up the wall, but are hanging on to it and helping to drag it outward. Mr. Fox, however, is confident that the system of under-pinning he has used for other parts of the fabric will set this matter right and make the buttresses fully fit to perform their intended function. With the south aisle it is another matter. Here William of Wykeham did not need to build additional buttresses, because the north walk of the cloisters which stood here answered the same purpose. The cloisters, however, were pulled down in Elizabeth's reign, and the wall of the south nave-aisle has had insufficient support ever since. The foundations of the wall are solid enough. Mr. Fox does not consider that the great expense of under-pinning is at all necessary, nor would it meet the case, as the pressure which needs counteracting is not downwards but outwards. The reasonable plan has therefore occurred to Mr. Jackson, the architect, to set up on the south side buttresses of the same character as Wykeham erected on the north side, but to provide them with effective foundations. In order to judge of the appearance that they would produce, a dummy buttress made of lath and canvas, representing one of the eleven new buttresses that are proposed, has been placed against one of the Norman buttresses that need reinforcing. It must be confessed that the result is unfortunate. The lines of the supplemental buttress jar excessively with the lines of the Norman buttress. They hide and break these clumsily. They are so far cognate in size and scope that they do not afford a contrast, and so far dissimilar that they do not weld as one composition. As they will for very long be staring in colour and harsh in texture, they will be a very serious eyesore. The sight of this side of the cathedral will be one to avoid if they are erected. An alternative should certainly be sought. The dummy buttress has been obviously placed for the laudable purpose of experiment. It is probably disappointing to Mr. Jackson, who cannot like the effect which he now sees will be produced, and no doubt he is turning over in his mind some other scheme and is listening to suggestions. Two have been made. The one is to rebuild the cloisters. As this would be very costly, and money for the necessary work of rendering the cathedral safe dribbles in very slowly, there is the almost prohibitive objection of ways and means against this scheme. Then it is suggested that it would be sufficient to stop the reinforcing work at the height of the window-sills, the point where the Norman buttresses disappear behind a newer facing of masonry. A set of archways, deep, broad and strong, set on entirely reliable foundations might look well and afford considerable support to the walls. But the thrust is operating far higher up and the danger of the upper part of the wall eventually falling out would still be present. That it is a difficult problem for Mr. Jackson must be readily admitted. It may even be allowed that it were better to build the eleven buttresses in the manner proposed rather than that the south aisle of the cathedral nave should fall in ruins. Yet the dummy buttress is so unsatisfactory that it were a thousand pities to materialise it before every effort to contrive something better has been made. There is no hurry whatever. If the wall is held to be still on the move, timber struts will produce temporary safety while the best of our architects seek a solution of the



DUMMY BUTTRESS.

Showing how it is proposed to deal with the south aisle of the nave of Winchester Cathedral.

problem. There can be no more agreeable task than to aid Mr. Jackson in his difficulty.—H. AVRAY TIPPING.

TORTOISE WITH CLOSED EYES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I bought a small tortoise last summer, price 8d. He has reappeared in my garden this spring in apparently good health, but his eyes are shut. One was partially open one day, but has again closed up tightly. Is this blindness or only a case of sealed eyelids?—L. E. IRVING.

[These closed eyes should open with a rise in the temperature. A little sweet oil gently applied on cotton-wool will help matters.—ED.]

PLAGUES IN THE HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Last summer this house was infested with earwigs and spiders. Can you tell me of anything to prevent them?—D. HOLR.

YEW HEDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—In answer to "Inquirer," I should recommend planting yews 3ft. or 3ft. 6in. apart—the latter is the better. If you plant closer than that you must take out alternate yews when you get them almost meeting one another. Thirty years ago I disregarded advice given me about *Cupressus lawsoniana* and *Thuja Lobbii*, and planted the shrubs 3ft. or 3ft. 6in. instead of 4ft. and 4ft. 6in., and have lived to regret it. Two things are essential for yew or box: (1) Cut back every sprig that projects beyond the lowest sprig on the tree. Year after year let the lowest sprig on the tree have plenty of air and light—it will grow quite rapidly enough, otherwise you will have your hedge growing in the shape of an O, which will kill the lowest branches and make the hedge ragged at the bottom. I have a box hedge on the top of a bank which I have made to grow down the bank by this means. (2) Allow nothing to be planted within 6in. of the hedge, and nothing at all 12in. or 18in. high within much more than 6in.,

else the bottom of your hedge will be destroyed. (3) If I may add a third direction, I say, clip it yourself. A hedge may be vertical.—A. F. POPE.

[The size of yews available will, of course, influence the distance at which they are to be planted, but good well-rooted plants a yard or so in height that have been moved annually, and consequently can be shifted without risk, may be planted 2ft. apart. In this way some of the branches will interlace and a close hedge will soon be formed. What is more, there will be no necessity to remove alternate ones as they grow. The distance suggested by our correspondent may be all very well for large plants, but smaller ones can be removed with less risk, and are generally preferred. The *Cupressus lawsoniana* and *Thuja Lobbi* referred to are more vigorous growers than the yew, and consequently may be planted at a greater distance apart. With regard to trimming the hedge, the necessity of the lowermost portion having as much light as possible is well known and generally acted upon. For this reason yew hedges up to 6ft. high are as a rule cut square at the sides, but above that height they should slope inwards, thus giving the bottom plenty of light. The advice to plant nothing close to the hedge is good.—ED.]



DORMICE IN DAY-LIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph, taken in full daylight, serves to show how the habits of animals are altered by taming and captivity, for in a state of nature dormice are exclusively nocturnal, while these little pets of my daughter are not only quite lively for a great

part of the day, but break their winter sleep far more often than they do in their natural state.—G. WANSKY SMITH.

BEE-STINGS AND RHEUMATISM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—More than a century ago Samuel Hahnemann recommended that a tincture prepared from the sting of the honey-bee should be used internally as a remedy for violent rheumatic swelling of the joints. If anyone so afflicted tries this remedy, he will find it unnecessary to go through the unpleasant process of "being stung," since pain and swelling promptly disappear.—JAMES CAMPBELL.

A COUNTRY-LIFE MORAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any fellow-reader of COUNTRY LIFE enlighten me as to the meaning of an old yellow, worm-eaten print, which I chanced to discover one day recently, hung up in its little old black frame, in the depths of a Surrey "Old Curiosity Shop," and of which I enclose a photograph. By the dress of the prosperous farmer, standing elegantly poised between his thick corn and his overflowing money-bags, I take the date to be 1760, or thereabouts; and clearly he is intended to adorn the maxim that they who "keep



IN BRINSOP CHURCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your article on Brinsop Court a fortnight ago, the Norman work remaining in the church was alluded to. Some of the stones of a doorway



may be observed outside, but what was the tympanum of the doorway is now inside the church, let into the wall of the north aisle. The enclosed photograph will show you that the subject is Saint George and the Dragon. This saint—not yet the accepted patron of England—was then seldom represented on horseback. But he is so here and in two or three other tympana, of which one is at Ruardean in Gloucestershire and so nearly resembles the Brinsop example as to imply the same school and date of sculpture, if not actually the same hand. The saint—his cloak flying in the wind behind him—is thrusting his spear into the mouth of a monster which is of worm-like shape. Such was the character of the legendary dragons of that time, and it will be remembered that the description given of the Sockburn dragon which Sir John Conyers is reputed to have slain was of a "monstrous and poisonous vermine or wyverne or werme wh overthrew and devoured many people in fight for that y^e sent of y^e poison was so strong y^t no person might abyde it." At Brinsop neither St. George nor his horse show any signs of suffering as to the organ of smell, but both are quite placid and content, while the birds on each side of the saint's head are perhaps hoping to make a meal. The stones of the arch that surrounds the tympanum are carved with the Zodiacal signs, and in the return wall on the left is built another stone that may have been part of an early preaching cross, for the ornament is of that interlaced Runic character which habitually decorated such objects in Saxon times.—T.